

NOVEMBER 16, 1987

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## COVER: *Fatal Attraction* hits gold as a nightmare parable of sex in the '80s 72

Warning: Fooling Around May Be Hazardous to Your Health. In its story of a married man who has a quick, hot affair and then lives (just barely) to regret it, the film taps a nerve of anxiety to become the decade's zeitgeist hit. ► Stardom comes to Actress Glenn Close, whose homicidal character can be seen as an avenging angel of feminism. See CINEMA.



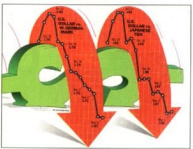
## WORLD: Amid hope and skepticism, Central America's peace plan goes forward 34

A crucial deadline is met as Nicaragua agrees to talk to the *contras* about a cease-fire. President Daniel Ortega Saavedra tells why in a TIME interview. Meanwhile, in the region's key trouble spots, Nicaragua and El Salvador, life remains hard. ► Gorbachev cautiously denounces Stalin's crimes. ► Habib Bourguiba, ruler of Tunisia for three decades, is ousted.



## BUSINESS: To avoid a recession in 1988, 54 Washington makes a sacrifice: the dollar

By pouring money into the economy and easing interest rates, the U.S. allows the dollar to plummet against other major currencies. Although most economists agree the dollar's fall is inevitable, it is a dangerous move that will carry a new set of economic risks. Meanwhile, the U.S. is making progress toward cutting its budget deficit and encouraging global economic coordination.



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Marijuana use wrecks Douglas Ginsburg's Supreme Court nomination. ► Caspar Weinberger retires, and the Pentagon gets Frank Carlucci, a battlewise bureaucrat less leery of compromise. ► Homely but authentic, Paul Simon is moving ahead in the Democratic presidential race. ► Winds of change in Mississippi.

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In Brazil an international medical team tries out an experimental drug on victims of the West's worst radiation accident.

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Cover:  
Photograph by  
Herb Ritts

## A Letter from the Publisher

If some journalists are born with printer's ink in their blood, as the old expression has it, then TIME correspondents have veins filled with airplane fuel. Chasing the news, they can log more miles in a month than most mortals do in a lifetime. Few correspondents are more thoroughly traveled than Mexico City Bureau Chief John Borrell, who directs TIME's coverage of Central America, including this week's six-page report on the region's uncertain advance toward peace.

Born in England and reared in New Zealand, Borrell began his journalism career "drawing weather maps and covering flower shows" for a provincial newspaper. An itch to see the world soon sent him off to Africa, where he spent eleven years winging around that vast continent, covering wars and revolutions. In 1982 he joined TIME as Nairobi bureau chief. He was later based in Beirut and Cairo, using a score of airlines in a dozen countries during nearly three years of reporting on the Middle East.

Borrell's travel habits changed somewhat when he arrived in Mexico City a year ago. "There aren't the enormous distances and other logistical problems that made covering Africa and the Middle East so tiring," he said. "In Africa the quickest



Borrell shares a seat while on the road in Nicaragua

way of getting from one country to another often involved changing planes in Europe." In Central America, by contrast, "you can sometimes leave a government garrison and drive only a few miles down the road to make contact with the guerrillas."

Correspondent John Moody, who has spent his reportorial career catching flights from bureaus in New York, Moscow and Paris for United Press International and from Bonn and Vienna for TIME, touched down in Mexico City a year ago. Since then he has spent most of his time shuttling around Central America's capitals. Moody reported much of this week's main story, wrote the one-page description of life in war-weary El Salvador and conducted interviews with Costa Rican President Oscar Arias Sánchez, author of the peace plan and winner last month of the Nobel Peace Prize, and with Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra. Said Moody: "Getting in to see the top people makes a major difference in a reporter's ability to understand a complicated story and to convey that understanding to readers."

Robert L. Miller

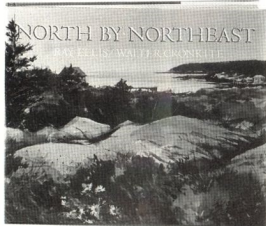
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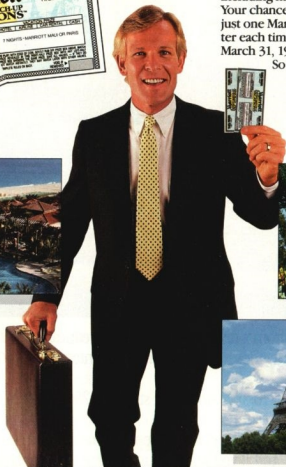
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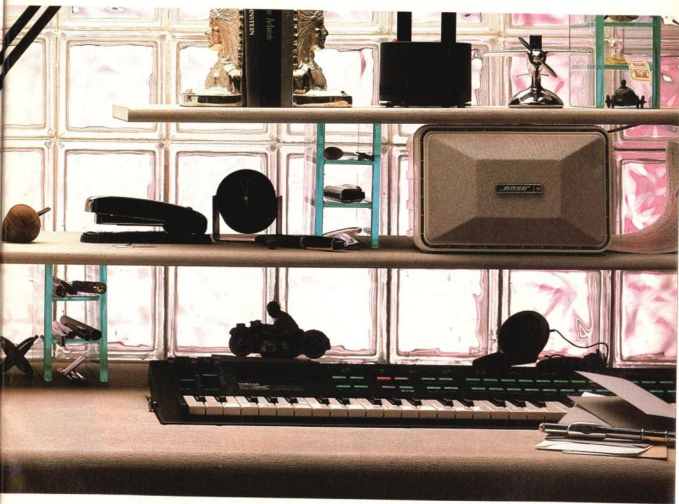
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## Letters

### Soviet Life

To the Editors:

Your report on the Soviet Union [SPECIAL SECTION, Oct. 26] clarifies the difference between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Whereas Soviet society is dehumanized by Big Brotherism, ours is dehumanized by rampant technology. A Soviet may have to wait for his hotel bill to be tallied, or he may eat from an imperfectly designed airline food tray. To me, these factors make his society more human, refreshing and appealing. On the other hand, I would rather die than live without the liberties guaranteed by our Constitution. Americans and Soviets could learn much from each other.

James L. Nammack Jr.  
Athens, Ga.



You know the old saying "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there"? After looking at the photographic ensemble of "A Day in the Life of the Soviet Union," I would change the saying to "It's an awful place to visit, and I definitely wouldn't want to live there."

Anna Gonnella  
Ramsey, N.J.

I would never have believed the Soviet Union is so beautiful. I grew up in the late '60s, and I have had the view that the U.S.S.R. is cold and sterile. Your story changed that.

Chad Petersen  
San Diego

You failed to emphasize the ever-present military in your photographic essay. Last year my wife and I were in many of the same places you covered, and we were overwhelmed by the long military convoys rumbling through the streets and the large number of uniformed men we encountered everywhere. Military conscription is part of Soviet life. All young men are liable to two years in the army. Even the art in the spacious subway stations has a military motif: Lenin leading the troops, statues with raised machine guns. The So-

viets may talk about peace and disarmament, but what we observed showed a military mentality.

Harvey N. Chinn  
Sacramento

It now appears that the Soviets have enough freedom to make some changes in their lives. For this I am thankful. But let us not be deceived into thinking the Communist leaders have changed their philosophy or intent. Communism is still geared to world domination. We and the rest of the free world must understand this.

Vernon Thomas  
Huron, Calif.

In 1945 I spent two months as a patient in a Soviet military hospital. I was an airman downed on a Dresden mission, and had contracted scarlet fever and rheumatic fever. During that time I experienced only warmth and concern from my caretakers. I loved them, and they loved me. I was a curiosity, an American. Are the Soviets a threat? Yes, with their strength of mind and body. I do not believe the Soviets will become like us. They do not need to.

Mark Warren  
Cincinnati

I am shocked by your description of the Soviet Union as an "intensely human land." I was a prisoner in several concentration camps in Siberia for four years. I know that cruel land pretty well.

Tad De Laurent  
Bielefeld, West Germany

Who could resist those adorable little ballerinas with the gauzy bows in their hair? Perhaps Gorbachev should bring them with him as goodwill ambassadors when he comes to America.

Mary T. Brewer  
Easthampton, Mass.

### Home Offices

Your story on how people are opting to work at home [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Oct. 26] does not describe my area. I attempted to run my engineering consulting practice out of my home in Los Angeles. The district attorney forced me to stop because Los Angeles zoning ordinances do not allow any work for profit to be performed in a residential zone. This includes writing books, composing music, placing business telephone calls and, presumably, thinking about a project, if that time is billable to a client. Violations are punishable by a \$1,000 fine and six months in jail. I now drive 30 minutes each way to an office in Glendale, where rents are cheaper than in Los Angeles.

Marshall Long  
Glendale, Calif.

Los Angeles does have such a law, but according to the city attorney's office, it is rarely applied. The statute is enforced only on complaint, usually by a neighbor, and

cases are rarely prosecuted. The fact is, however, that when home entrepreneurs do run afoul of the law, they are forced to move their businesses elsewhere.

I thought people went to work to get out of the house. Telecommuting is a frightening trend that will lead to increased isolation for those who engage in it. How will the telecommuters feel when their children no longer need to leave home to go to school because all classes are accessed on TV?

Gary Margolis  
New York City

### Search for Peace

I was disgusted as I listened to Nicaragua's President Daniel Ortega Saavedra denounce President Reagan and the U.S. in his speech at the U.N. [WORLD, Oct. 19]. Under the guise of attempting to comply with the Central America peace plan, Ortega has reopened one radio station and one newspaper, with limitations on what each can say or print. And now he is an expert on democracy?

Lisa Malamatos  
Tarpon Springs, Fla.

TIME continues to characterize the government of Nicaragua in pejorative terms. Yet in 1984, under trying wartime conditions, multiparty elections were held with international observers in attendance. A far greater proportion of electors (75%) voted than in the American presidential elections, and a higher percentage (67%) voted for the Sandinistas than voted for President Reagan in the U.S. A government is a government is a government.

David Parkyn  
Auckland, New Zealand

### Nuclear Climate

In your coverage of the increasing "greenhouse effect" and the disappearing ozone layer [ENVIRONMENT, Oct. 19], you state that the discovery paper on "nuclear winter" by Richard Turco and colleagues, a team with which I am associated, "ignored such key factors as winds, oceans and seasons." In fact, we made an explicit allowance for the moderating effect of oceans, and we were the first to argue that winds in the altered climatic regime following a nuclear war would carry obscuring soot and dust from the northern mid-latitude target zone across the equator into the southern hemisphere. When the most plausible starting conditions are used, all modern models give the same rough temperature declines—between 10° C and 20° C—which is more than the average temperature difference between the contemporary climate and that during the last ice age. Nuclear winter is a very serious matter.

Carl Sagan  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, N.Y.

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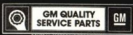
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## An idea whose time is finally here

In Ecclesiastes we read: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Now, as the Administration and the Congress meet in urgent negotiating sessions, the time finally has come to solve the long-festering problem of America's huge budget deficit.

Make no mistake: The budget crisis in America has created economic hardship far beyond the stock market Panic of '87. For years now, that sea of red ink has plagued the economy.

- It pushed real interest rates far higher than their historic norms.
- Before the dollar's recent free-fall, it boosted America's currency to unsustainable heights, and left the world's monetary system in disarray.
- It helped make American industry far less able to compete successfully in world markets, thereby contributing to this country's huge trade deficit—and turning America into the world's leading debtor nation.

Now, in the wake of the stock market debacle, Congress and the Administration alike are pledged to trim the deficit. They should do so with an eye on the long term, and shun instant panaceas.

Administration negotiators say they're flexible, but that the main thrust of deficit reduction has to come from spending less. We think that's fine; certainly there's fat left to trim in any spending program of a trillion dollars or so.

Congressional leaders say additional revenues are needed, and the search is on for stopgap taxes. We ask: Why settle for stopgaps?

If spending is cut to the bone and new taxes are still necessary to break the deficit's back, why not, once and for all, create the sensible mechanism to do so at the least possible cost to the economy? Why not avoid a sudden shock to the economy and establish credibility by phasing in a consumption tax?

Higher income tax rates, on individuals and corporations alike, would renege on the promises made during the long tax reform process and once more change the rules in the middle of the game. Besides, placing additional burdens on U.S. manufacturers would only exacerbate America's trade problems—and bring further cries for protectionism. "Sin taxes" on products like alcohol and tobacco, while less onerous than income tax hikes, may not raise enough revenue to matter.

There is a better way. We have long advocated a tax on consumption—a tax on the money people spend, rather than on the money they earn. Such a tax offers many benefits:

- It's an incentive to save—and America's notoriously low savings rate makes it more difficult to finance the modernization of American industry, since savings flow to capital investment, and enhance productivity.

- Unlike an income tax, a consumption tax stops at the U.S. borders. Because it wouldn't be levied on exports, it would keep U.S. goods competitive overseas. But it would be levied on imports—an accepted practice under international trade regulations, and a tool to lower the trade deficit.

- It could reduce the deficit by a meaningful amount. A broad-based tax of one percent on all consumption transactions, for example, would yield around \$30 billion a year.

- It would tax those who now find refuge from taxation in the underground economy. Even those who operate for cash and largely avoid the income tax would pay as they made purchases.

Some say such a tax is regressive. But special rules could help those less able to pay, and certain categories, such as food and medical care, could be made exempt.

We urge Congress and the Administration alike to seize this historic opportunity and enact a comprehensive consumption tax, if only on a standby basis, to be triggered if a meaningful dent in the deficit cannot be otherwise achieved. For an Administration intent on cutting wasteful spending, we'd suggest additional legislation to give the President line-item veto power, and with it a tool to monitor closely government outlays. Such a two-pronged approach would represent genuine compromise—which is, after all, the purpose of negotiation.

Timing, as we said at the outset, is crucial. The time is right for a consumption tax, and to waste the moment would be just as harmful as the stock market crash that created this window of opportunity.

## Letters

### Women in War

In response to your reader who said the place for women in the military is mainly in the medical corps [LETTERS, Oct. 26], I contend women can be assigned to many areas and play an important role. I served as a Chinese linguist in the U.S. Army. Although I may not be suited for a combat role, common sense dictates that the infantry cannot win a war by itself. Sooner or later, it needs to be supported by service branches. Sexual harassment can be found in both civilian and military life. It is a problem men and women everywhere have to solve.

Carolyn Ford  
West Point, N.Y.

### Tibetan Riots

Your report on Tibet [WORLD, Oct. 19] gives the impression that it is an occupied country. On the contrary, Tibet has been an integral part of China for generations. Even the Tibetan language belongs to the Chinese-language family. The idea of an independent Tibet is a fantasy. Any attempt to sever Tibet from China will be doomed to failure and considered an unfriendly act toward China.

Liu Chen-bao  
Pan-ch'iao, Taiwan

Since 1959 there have been more than 50 major uprisings against the Chinese occupation of Tibet. The Chinese response has always been swift and brutal, as it is now. We have reason to fear that the recent expulsion of 15 foreign journalists from Tibet is a prelude to the repression of dissent. If the Reagan Administration would reconsider its position, it could help prevent a new wave of killings in the country by the Chinese.

Tinley Nyandak, Editor  
News Tibet  
New York City

You say, "Tibet is in effect a gigantic fortress that protects China from India. If the Chinese ever withdrew from Tibet, it might eventually prove irresistible to India." Then you add, "At week's end officials in New Delhi reminded the Dalai Lama that, under the terms of the [Indian] government's hospitality, he should continue to avoid all forms of political activity." If India really is the hegemonist you allege, why would it continue to dampen the spirits of Tibetans when it could be sowing seeds of rebellion? Be realistic. Even the most naive Indian will acknowledge that China is a vastly superior military power.

John Thekkethala  
Kingston, R.I.

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## American Scene

### In Brazil: Echoes from the Confederacy

In a small pastoral pavilion a minister, flanked by a Confederate flag, conducts a memorial service for the sons and daughters of the Old South who are buried in the adjacent cemetery. The scent of warm corn bread and fried chicken wafts from a nearby picnic table. Strains of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* float with gentle familiarity through the heavy air. Only the fact that it is sung in Portuguese seems inappropriate. But, in fact, it is fitting because this get-together occurs some 5,000 miles below the Mason-Dixon line, just outside a southern Brazilian city called Americana.

settlements drove back 80% of the refugees.

Only in the fertile soil of São Paulo state near what is now Americana did the transplanted prewar Dixie ways take hold. Still, the '94 Confederate families who stayed, their fortunes depleted, found homesteading a humbling experience. Few could afford the number of slaves they had back home. "When my mother was a girl here, she picked cotton right alongside the slaves, something she didn't do in Arkansas," draws Charlotte Ferguson Costarelli, 83, a third-generation descendant.

migrants who came to Brazil. It looks like any other small Brazilian city. A tiny cluster of taller office buildings dwarfs a semi-industrial sprawl. Inter-marriage has turned today's generation of Confederate descendants into darker-skinned Brazilians.

Time has not broken the lingering connection these six generations have with the U.S. "I got only American blood in my veins, but I'm Brazilian through and through," crows ex-Farmer Claude McFadden, 90, the oldest living Confederate descendant. "Still, I've always felt a little split, like I'll never feel completely at home here." As middle-class Brazilians besieged by high inflation, most of the descendants marvel at the economic stability and the myriad modern conveniences the U.S. has to offer. "All those electric gadgets that make housework easy must give women a lot of free time," muses Anna Vaughan Zacarchenko, 70, who married a farmer from the Soviet Union.

The few who can afford a visit to what some call their grandmother country don't all return charmed. "On my first visits I was shocked by all the slums and poverty," says George Hunnicutt, 63, great-grandson of the Confederate colony's first doctor. "So last year, when I took my grandchildren there, I decided to show them the storybook side of America. We went to Disney World, Epcot Center and Sea World."

After the memorial service, there is a picnic and church bazaar. While women swap dessert recipes and sewing hints, men exchange investment tips and talk soccer. Everybody gossips. Weightier topics are also touched on: AIDS, the Persian Gulf war, Evangelist Jimmy Swaggart's recent Brazilian tour. What distinguishes the occasion is its civility. Even the singing of hymns at the service seems contained. Perhaps the restraint stems partly from the absence of hard liquor and beer. "As practicing Protestants, many of us think alcohol is unholy and unhealthy," says John Homer Steagall, 68, a retired Singer sewing-machine general manager. "So drinking at the reunion is highly frowned upon."

Keeping the faith is one way descendants, particularly the older ones, so mindfully tend ancestral memories. "Preserving our heritage helps us hold on to cherished values and pass them on to future generations," said the FDA's official historian, Judith MacKnight Jones, 71. She has chronicled the Confederate immigration to Brazil in a book titled *Soldado Descansa* (Soldier Rest). With a certainty that transcends national labels, she adds, "And that's important in a world where values are changing for the worse." —By Michael Kepp/Americana



In Americana, ties to the Old South have yielded but not disappeared

Four times a year, more than 200 members of the *Fraternidade Descendencia Americana* (FDA), the Fraternity of American Descendants, travel here to renew ties and remember their ancestors who fled the South right after the Civil War rather than live under Reconstruction. Despite their Brazilian residence, they have kept their American roots. Although they are fluent in Portuguese, English is often spoken at home. Along with hammocks and fried bananas, these folks are fond of their rocking chairs and sweet potato pie. Fourth of July barbecues are a tradition too.

Some 3,500 Confederate refugees left their pillared mansions and plantations between 1866 and 1867 in what was one of history's more notable organized exoduses of Americans. Immigrants, especially those from the Deep South, were drawn by the promise of cheap land, a booming cotton industry and the existence of slavery, which was tolerated in Brazil until 1888. But not all of them succeeded in making a life here. Tropical diseases, drought and the remoteness of their

Other immigrants came prepared for such adversity. William Mills of Texas, who had heard Brazil was full of wild animals, brought his four hunting dogs on the boat to Rio. "Granddad was smart to do so," pipes up Rancher Sydney Mills, 70, wearing a straw sombrero, braided string tie and cowboy boots. "The dogs would often chase and tree pumas that raided the backyard chicken coop, and Granddad would down them with his shotgun. He killed over a dozen in all."

Brazilian farmers readily embraced such Rebel contributions as the kerosene lamp and the steel-blade plow, a godsend to a country that hadn't got past the simple hoe. The Southern missionaries whom the settlers hired as teachers also had a lasting impact. The educational tradition they began is one reason that Americana has only a 14% illiteracy rate in a country where one-fourth of the population cannot read or write.

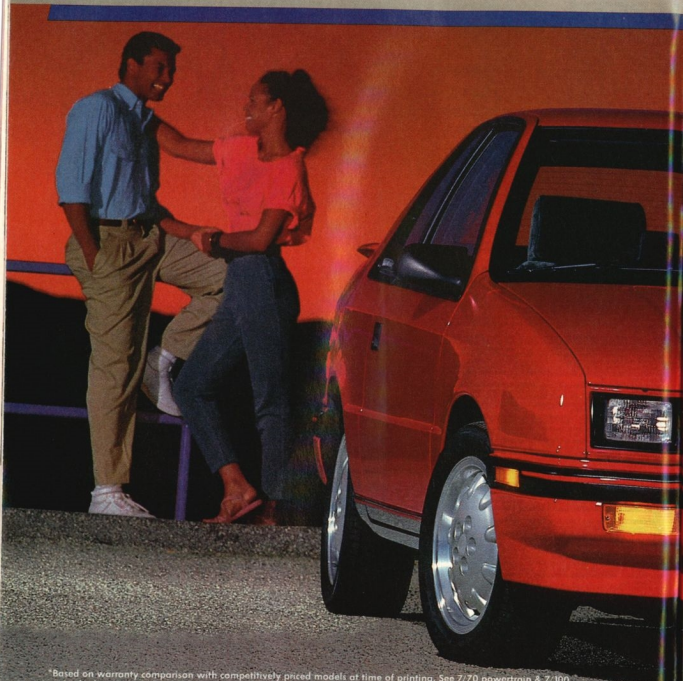
Today Americana's population has swelled to 160,000, largely owing to waves of Portuguese, Italian and Japanese im-



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TIME/NOVEMBER 16, 1987

# Sins of The Past

## Drug use derails Ginsburg's nomination

Only a week before, Ronald Reagan had been all smiles as he ushered Douglas Ginsburg into the East Room of the White House to the applause and cheers of supporters. True, the former Harvard professor was, at 41, unusually young to be nominated to the Supreme Court and, with only a year on the federal bench, somewhat inexperienced. But the candidate for Associate Justice was, the President declared, "a man who believes profoundly in the rule of law."

Nine days later Ginsburg, under pressure from White House aides and his right-wing backers, withdrew his name. He did so gracefully, declaring in a 65-second appearance in the White House briefing room, "Unfortunately, all of the attention has been focused on our personal lives, and much of that on the events of many years ago. My views on the law and on what kind of Supreme Court Justice I would make have been drowned out in the clamor." Then he wisely turned his back on shouting reporters and walked briskly out of the harsh national spotlight.

The clamor that Ginsburg cited had stemmed from his admission that he smoked marijuana as a college student in the 1960s and as a law professor reportedly as late as 1979. Marijuana "was the only drug I ever used," he said in response to inquiries. "I have not used it since. It was a mistake, and I regret it."

Although Ginsburg's indiscretion may have been common among members of the Big Chill generation, his confession fatally undermined his support among the Capitol Hill conservatives who had lobbied so hard for his nomination. The disclosure was the final straw in a week of controversy that included accusations of conflict of interest over his investment in a cable-television company, charges by a congressional committee that he ordered the destruction of documents while he worked at the Justice Department, allegations that he improperly sidetracked rules to limit the use of cancer-causing asbestos, and the revelation

that his wife, an obstetrician, performed two abortions while in medical training.

A more substantial jurist might have better withstood the slow drip of corrosive revelations about his earlier life. But so little was known about Ginsburg that it was easy for minor matters to grow into major questions about his fitness to serve. His admission that he smoked pot should not have been an automatic disqualification. If it were, the ranks of Government might be devastated. The National Institute on Drug Abuse has reported that more than 23% of the adult population has used marijuana, including a staggering 64% of those ages 18 to 25. Indeed, two Democratic presidential candidates, Albert Gore and Bruce Babbitt, were prompted to admit that they too had tried pot years ago. Similar confessions came from Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and conservative Republican Congressman Newt Gingrich of Georgia.

Nor could the most ardent foe of abortion have written Ginsburg off merely for marrying a doctor who performed the procedure a few times before deciding to stop. Similarly, Ginsburg's investment in a cable-television company while he served in the Justice Department was not illegal. By themselves, these incidents could have been shrugged off. Yet taken together, they hardly painted a portrait of the solid, well-grounded individual the public would normally expect on the Supreme Court.

For the Reagan Administration, wounded by the Senate's rejection of Robert Bork only two weeks earlier, this second nomination was tragedy replayed as farce. The hasty choice of an obscure jurist with a negligible record on issues outside the narrow field of business regulation again raised the issue of the President's lack of attentiveness. The Administration "made no intensive study" of Ginsburg, said Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont. "He fit a particular litmus test, so he was put forward." Worse, the President appeared to be whipsawed by events, firmly declaring his support for Ginsburg even as his aides

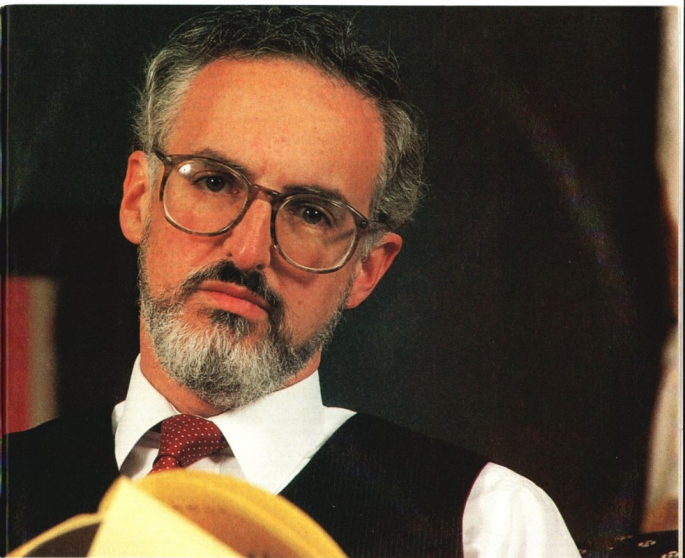
### The ill-fated Supreme Court nominee

were pressuring the nominee to resign.

That Ginsburg should falter over marijuana rather than in any grand ideological confrontation was particularly humiliating. Reagan has made the war on drug abuse a pillar of his pro-family platform. The first reaction of Attorney General Edwin Meese, Ginsburg's chief patron, was a reversal of Meese's previous position on drugs. "His action, taken during his younger days... certainly does not affect his qualifications to sit on the Supreme Court," declared the Attorney General, who only six weeks earlier had initiated a program to eventually test 60,000 Justice Department employees for drugs.

Early Friday, reporters asked Reagan whether Ginsburg should have "just said no"—a pointed reference to First Lady Nancy Reagan's highly publicized campaign for abstinence from drugs. The President countered, "How many of us would like to have everything we did when we were younger put on the book? I'm satisfied with his statement. He was not an addict."





On Capitol Hill most Democrats offered cautious sympathy for Ginsburg, while conservatives were forced into painful contortions. "All of us wish he hadn't done it," declared Republican Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, who had threatened to filibuster if Ginsburg was not nominated. "The more relevant thing is that he assured us he hasn't touched it since then. I suspect that everyone on the high court has broken one law or another." But within 24 hours after Ginsburg's confession, his supporters were defecting. Helms, Republican James McClure of Idaho and others urged Reagan to accept Ginsburg's withdrawal.

When Education Secretary William Bennett, a leading conservative in the Reagan Cabinet, volunteered on Friday afternoon to talk to the nominee about quitting, the President finally gave in. "Do what you think best," he told Bennett. The Education Secretary telephoned the beleaguered judge and advised him to bow out gracefully before his prospects

deteriorated further. On Friday night Meese's aide William Bradford Reynolds called upon Ginsburg and extracted his promise to withdraw the following day.

Ginsburg finally telephoned his withdrawal to Reagan, who was at Camp David, at 11:30 a.m. Saturday. The President made no attempt to talk Ginsburg out

**"Unfortunately, all the attention has been focused on our personal lives, and much of that on events of many years ago. My views on the law have been drowned out in the clamor."**

of it. The announcement, scheduled for 2 p.m. in the White House briefing room, was delayed a full hour as Ginsburg and his wife were caught in traffic by a veterans' parade. Eventually, Ginsburg was compelled to leave his car and walk the last four blocks to the White House. It was not a good day for him.

In his withdrawal statement, Ginsburg declared his intention to remain on the Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia Circuit "for many years to come." The President will make no move to ask for the judge's resignation from the bench.

The White House hopes to choose its third nominee for the vacant Supreme Court seat this week, if it can avoid the ideological dissension that led to Ginsburg's nomination. Ginsburg's replacement will most probably be chosen from among four runners-up from two weeks ago: Appeals Court Judges Anthony Kennedy of Sacramento, William Wilkins of South Carolina, Ralph Winter of New Haven, Conn., and Laurence Silberman of Washington. Kennedy, the favorite last time, had been called to Washington, led to believe he was the top choice, and then scuttled at the last minute for Ginsburg.

The Bork and Ginsburg nominations offer a study in contrasts. With Bork, too much was known and he was hoist by the

petard of his own petulant rhetoric. Ginsburg's chief virtue, in the eyes of a bullied Administration, was precisely what was not known: this low-key free-market-economics expert, like Bork a graduate of the University of Chicago Law School, had never had occasion to express himself publicly on major constitutional issues of privacy, civil rights or criminal law. But as reporters delved into Ginsburg's life, seeking clues to his philosophy, it was the ideologies of the Reagan Revolution who found themselves unsettled by the revelations.

First there were stories about Ginsburg's partnership in a computer dating service during his college years, as well as his wife's involvement in abortions while a resident at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston. There were headlines concerning a possible conflict of interest. Ginsburg owned \$140,000 worth of convertible bonds in Rogers CableSystems, a Canada-based cable-television firm, in 1985 when,

as chief of the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, he played a policy role in a court case over cable-company rights. Although no clear evidence surfaced that Rogers benefited from Ginsburg's actions, the Office of Government Ethics opened an inquiry into the matter last week.

Ginsburg also garnered unfavorable publicity over his role as chief of regulatory policy at the White House's Office of Management and Budget in 1985. He helped delay asbestos regulations that were deemed too costly for the number of lives saved. Michigan Democratic Congressman John Dingell accused Ginsburg of destroying drafts of a letter on Government antitrust policy while he was at the Justice Department. Ginsburg countered that the drafts were prepared by his staff without his approval. Without the admission that he had smoked marijuana, it is unlikely that these minor accusations would have derailed Ginsburg's nomina-

tion. But his qualifications were certain to undergo critical scrutiny by an American Bar Association committee. During his confirmation for the D.C. Appeals Court, the A.B.A. had rated Ginsburg only as "qualified," the lowest of three passing grades.

When the President nominated him two weeks ago, Ginsburg assured his audience that he was looking forward to the confirmation process. Given the gauntlet that Bork had just run, the statement seemed gracious but a little naive. Given what is now known about Ginsburg, it was foolhardy. In the wake of his withdrawal, few were talking publicly about the long-range implications of the embarrassment. A lame-duck President who has been buffeted by scandal, a stock-market crash and the bruising defeat of his first court nominee could ill afford this latest fiasco.

—By Margot Hornblower.  
Reported by David Beckwith and Anne Constable/Washington

## With a Friend Like This . . .

**H**is round face and ready grin make Attorney General Edwin Meese often appear almost cherubic. Not even his harshest critics see him as mean or even unfriendly. Yet Meese is a highly disorganized public official, seemingly oblivious to ethics and reckless in the handling of his modest personal finances. He is now Ronald Reagan's only California confidant left in the Cabinet, but he has been a continual embarrassment to the Administration. Last week it was apparent that his ill-considered advice to the President had been disastrously wrong once again.

It was Meese who bulldozed past the cautions of Chief of Staff Howard Baker and persuaded Reagan to nominate Judge Douglas Ginsburg to the Supreme Court without a full probe of his background. Ginsburg's conservative credentials were all that seemed to matter. "If Meese was going to push Ginsburg as ardently as he did," says Bruce Fein of the conservative Heritage Foundation, "he should have done his homework." Said a former associate: "He never learns."

As the Ginsburg nomination was collapsing, Meese was undergoing scrutiny himself. He spent parts of three days last week in a federal courtroom where yet a second independent counsel and a grand jury are weighing possible criminal charges against him. Normally Attorneys General are on the prosecution, rather than the defense, side of such courtroom scenes. The jury is looking into Meese's intervention in behalf of the Wedtech Corp., a scandal-ridden New York City defense contractor that won \$32 million in military contracts before going bankrupt. Some 20 people have faced charges for their activities with the company.

After his aide set up a White House meeting that led to an Army contract for Wedtech, Meese invested \$50,000 with a San Francisco financial adviser who turned out to be a member of Wedtech's board. The investment earned

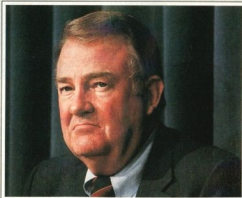
\$35,000 in 19 months. Independent Counsel James McKay is presumably trying to determine whether the arrangement could have been an indirect payoff for Meese's help to the company. The probe carries echoes of an investigation that delayed Meese's confirmation as Attorney General for six months in 1984. Meese was finally cleared of any criminal conduct by Independent Counsel Jacob Stein, who studied the appointment to federal jobs of several individuals who had helped Meese get bank loans and sell his California house.

Last week Meese became embroiled in still another ethical controversy, this one triggered by his wife Ursula. She admitted to the *New York Times* that in June she wrote to Federal Judge R. Allan Edgar of Chattanooga to plead for a lenient sentence for a family friend, Joe S. Duncan, the son of Tennessee Republican Congressman John J. Duncan, had been convicted of filing a false federal income tax return in 1982. The Justice Department had urged the judge to sentence Duncan to three years in prison. Edgar imposed the sentence but suspended all except six months of the term.

Mrs. Meese had invoked her husband's name, writing, "My husband, Ed, and I consider Mr. Duncan to be an outstanding, conscientious and sensitive young man . . . We feel that [he] should be given very favorable consideration." She did not tell her husband about the letter until after she sent it, Mrs. Meese told the *Times*, but when she did, he raised no objection.

Despite the problems Meese keeps creating, his view of the world remains so close to that of the President that his advice carries extraordinary weight. In the past such strong buffers as Presidential Aides James Baker, Michael Deaver and Donald Regan kept Meese's shaky judgment from over-influencing Reagan. Under the less influential Howard Baker, Meese is back in the Oval Office, and the President's California cronies are not serving him well.

—By Ed Magnuson.  
Reported by Anne Constable and Elaine Shannon/Washington



Meese last week: "He should have done his homework"

# Changing of the Guards

Weinberger's exit removes the Administration's "Svengali of Star Wars"

Arguing with Caspar Weinberger was often likened to quarreling with a tape recorder. The Secretary of Defense never raised his voice and seldom even changed his words. In a smooth monotone, he would just say over and over that not a nickel could safely be cut from military budgets, that the U.S. must let nothing stand in the way of early deployment of a Star Wars missile defense. It was a style of argument and of thinking that irritated many; on budgetary matters it was sometimes said "Cap" Weinberger had a constituency of one. That one, however, happened to be his old California buddy, Ronald Reagan. Weinberger had such easy and informal access to the President that it seemed probable he would become the longest-lasting and most influential Pentagon boss ever.

But his resignation last week, when he was less than four months short of Robert McNamara's longevity record at the Pentagon, ensured that only the latter of these attributes will be his legacy. His departure comes at a time when his main accomplishments—an unprecedented peacetime military spending program and the protection of the Strategic Defense Initiative from arms-control restrictions—are under serious assault. But his reasons for leaving, as he explained them at a tearful Rose Garden ceremony, were personal rather than political. Jane, his wife of 45 years, is seriously ill; she suffers from cancer and arthritis and recently broke two vertebrae. Weinberger was determined to spend more time with her. Said the Secretary: "She has, for a long time, had this great discomfort, and it is time to do a bit more to fulfill those obligations."

His replacement, the able and agile bureaucrat Frank Carlucci, who became National Security Adviser in the midst of the Iran-*contra* revelations last December, has long worked with Weinberger and shares much of his commitment to a strong defense and SDI. But things will not be the same, especially in tone. Missing from the President's inner council will be one of the last of the true believers who came to Washington with Reagan in 1981.\* Carlucci is neither as fervent in his opposition to compromises on military spending and SDI nor as likely to win his way through well-placed whispers



The outgoing and incoming Secretaries of Defense at a tearful ceremony in the Rose Garden. A constituency of one, perhaps, but that one happened to occupy the Oval Office.

in the President's ear. In addition, Carlucci is being replaced by a man who is also known for his managerial dexterity but who may be even less of an ideological crusader: Army Lieut. General Colin Powell, the highest-ranking black to serve on the White House staff.

Aggressive and battle-hardened, Carlucci has one of the longest résumés in Washington, a collection of economic, ambassadorial and defense posts. He worked harmoniously with Cap for two years as No. 2 man at the Pentagon. He is universally described as tough; in his ten months at the National Security Council, he quickly purged the staff that plunged the Administration into the Iran-*contra* mess. But he has a reputation for being a bit more adaptable and pragmatic than the unbending Cap.

One important difference between the

two may surface as early as the summit between Reagan and Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev, which begins Dec. 7. After the two leaders sign a treaty eliminating intermediate- and shorter-range nuclear weapons, they will turn to a far more important issue: a potential agreement to reduce long-range strategic weapons 50%. The big stumbling block has been Soviet insistence that this cut must be linked to some kind of restrictions on SDI.

Weinberger has been in the forefront of the effort to deploy the first phase of a Star Wars system by 1992 (a plan to which even the President has not yet agreed), even if it means scrapping the 1972 ABM treaty. Any strategic agreement, he argued, must come "not at the cost of injuring, in any way, strategic defense or our ability to deploy it as soon as possible." Carlucci, in contrast, has indicated privately that there is room for compromise between the Soviet desire to extend the ABM treaty for ten years and the U.S. willingness to extend it for seven. Though he opposes negotiating a list of SDI research and testing restrictions to be honored until the treaty expires, he seems to believe some agreement may be possible. A compromise that would satisfy Reagan, however, is still difficult to envision. If Weinberger was the "Svengali of SDI," as he was sometimes called, the President was a most willing Trilby.

Weinberger's departure may help heal the bitter split between the Pentagon and Foggy Bottom, which was embodied in an endless wrangle between him and Secretary of State George Shultz. It was not a straight hawk-vs.-dove rift; while Weinberger was far more suspicious of arms-control negotiations than Shultz, he was notably more cautious on such subjects as the use of American military power overseas and retaliation against terrorist attacks. Indeed, the feud seemed to reflect personal strains as much as policy differences. Tensions



With his ailing wife Jane

\*Only Samuel Pierce, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, is left from the original Reagan Cabinet.

between the two began 17 years ago, when President Nixon appointed Weinberger as Shultz's deputy at the Office of Management and Budget. In the Reagan Administration, their policies often clashed; the President's propensity to side with one, then the other, accounted for some of the erratic lurching in foreign policy.

Shultz was at first inclined to be suspicious of Carlucci as a Weinberger henchman. But Carlucci accompanied Shultz on an arms-control negotiating trip to Moscow last month, and the two found that they could work closely together. An aide to the Secretary of State describes Shultz as "quietly, very quietly ecstatic" about Weinberger's resignation.

Many in Congress probably feel the same way. Weinberger's proudest achievement was presiding over the Administration's \$2 trillion buildup of U.S. military strength. But even while it was in progress, there were complaints that "Cap the Knife"—a nickname Weinberger earned as Nixon's OMB director—had turned into "Cap the Ladle," an administrator who okayed every wish list from each of the services without making tough choices between competing systems or developing any overall strategic concept. When the congressional mood turned to budget cutting, Weinberger alienated many influential legislators by refusing to identify anything that could be chopped out of his budgets. Last year the House Armed Services Committee would not even invite Weinberger to testify on Pentagon spending, an unprecedented snub.

**C**arlucci consequently inherits a mess. Several major weapons systems that Weinberger ordered are reaching a stage of procurement that will require major new spending. But Carlucci will not get the money; he will be lucky if he can persuade Congress merely to freeze Pentagon appropriations. If reductions are "draconian," says a source close to Carlucci, the new boss may be forced into "tossing out divisions, junking procurement programs, cutting back on operational readiness and all those kinds of fun things." At minimum, defense experts believe, Carlucci will have to scrap some programs; he may, for example, require the Army to put new engines on existing helicopters rather than spend \$36 billion to develop an experimental light chopper.

Carlucci has got along well with Congress in a variety of jobs, and, as "Mr. Inside" at the Pentagon to Weinberger's "Mr. Outside" in the early Reagan years, he learned the nuts and bolts of the place to a greater extent than Cap ever did. Says Carlucci: "The Pentagon is familiar with my style. Mine has been one of more direct involvement in line management as opposed to [Weinberger's] style of working through staff." A White House aide says, "For the remainder of this Administration, management is what is needed." All over Washington, but perhaps in the Pentagon above all. —By George J. Church.

Reported by Barrett Seaman and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

## The General Takes Command

**A**s a young Army major selected for a fellowship to the Nixon White House in 1972, Colin Powell came to the attention of two emerging bureaucratic stars: Caspar Weinberger and Frank Carlucci, director and deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget. Powell was recruited into their inner circle, and has risen with his bosses ever since. Last week Lieut. General Powell, 50, took another large step upward, succeeding Carlucci to become Ronald Reagan's sixth National Security Adviser.\*

But back in March, Carlucci had to pull out all the stops just to get Powell to join the NSC as his deputy. In late 1986 Powell had taken command of the Army V Corps in Frankfurt, West Germany, after some five years in the Pentagon as an aide to Carlucci and then Weinberger. He was reluctant to quit his post after only six months. But Carlucci was determined to get his friend back to Washington. When President Reagan, at Carlucci's urging, personally phoned Powell to offer him the NSC job, the general had little choice but to obey his Commander in Chief.

In the sometimes Machiavellian atmosphere of official Washington, Powell is the beneficiary of a rare commodity: universal acclaim. "Loyal almost to a fault," says former Under Secretary of Defense Richard DeLauer. "He's just super to have around," gushes another Defense Department aide. "Powell has become quite well known to the President and the chief of staff," says a White House aide. "They like him."



At the NSC last week: "loyal almost to a fault"

The secret of Powell's success seems to be a combination of scrupulous efficiency and disarming charm. His tenure at the NSC is a case in point. Powell is given a good deal of the credit for restoring order and collective confidence to an organization that was fractured and demoralized during the Iran-contra scandal. As Weinberger's de facto chief of staff from 1983 to 1986, Powell knew early on of the Administration's secret arms sales to Iran. Weinberger told the Washington Post last spring that Powell "was the person I used to carry out the President's directions to make the arrangements for transferring the arms to the CIA." Added Weinberger: "And it ended there." Indeed, Powell was never deeply immersed in the controversy, and emerged with his reputation intact.

The son of Jamaican immigrants, Powell grew up in the South Bronx. A member of the Reserve Officers Training Corps during his years at City College of New York, he joined the Army as a second lieutenant in 1958. Throughout his career he has shuttled easily between military outposts and Washington's corridors of power: he won the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart for service in Viet Nam, did a stint at OMB, commanded an infantry battalion in Korea, served as a Pentagon military assistant in both the Carter and Reagan administrations.

Not everyone in Washington is pleased to see another military officer running the National Security Council. In the wake of Admiral John Poindexter's excesses, it is believed that Congress's upcoming Iran-contra report will recommend that the head of the NSC be a civilian. In fact, Powell would prefer to be back on active duty; his true goal is to be Army Chief of Staff. But many observers believe it is just a matter of time before Powell wins the Army's top job—and perhaps more. "Colin would make a great Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff," says Amtrak President and CEO Graham Claytor, a former Deputy Defense Secretary who has worked with him. After a moment's consideration, Claytor adds: "Colin would make a great President of the United States." —By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.

Reported by Barrett Seaman and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

\*The other five: Richard Allen, William Clark, Robert McFarlane, John Poindexter and Carlucci.

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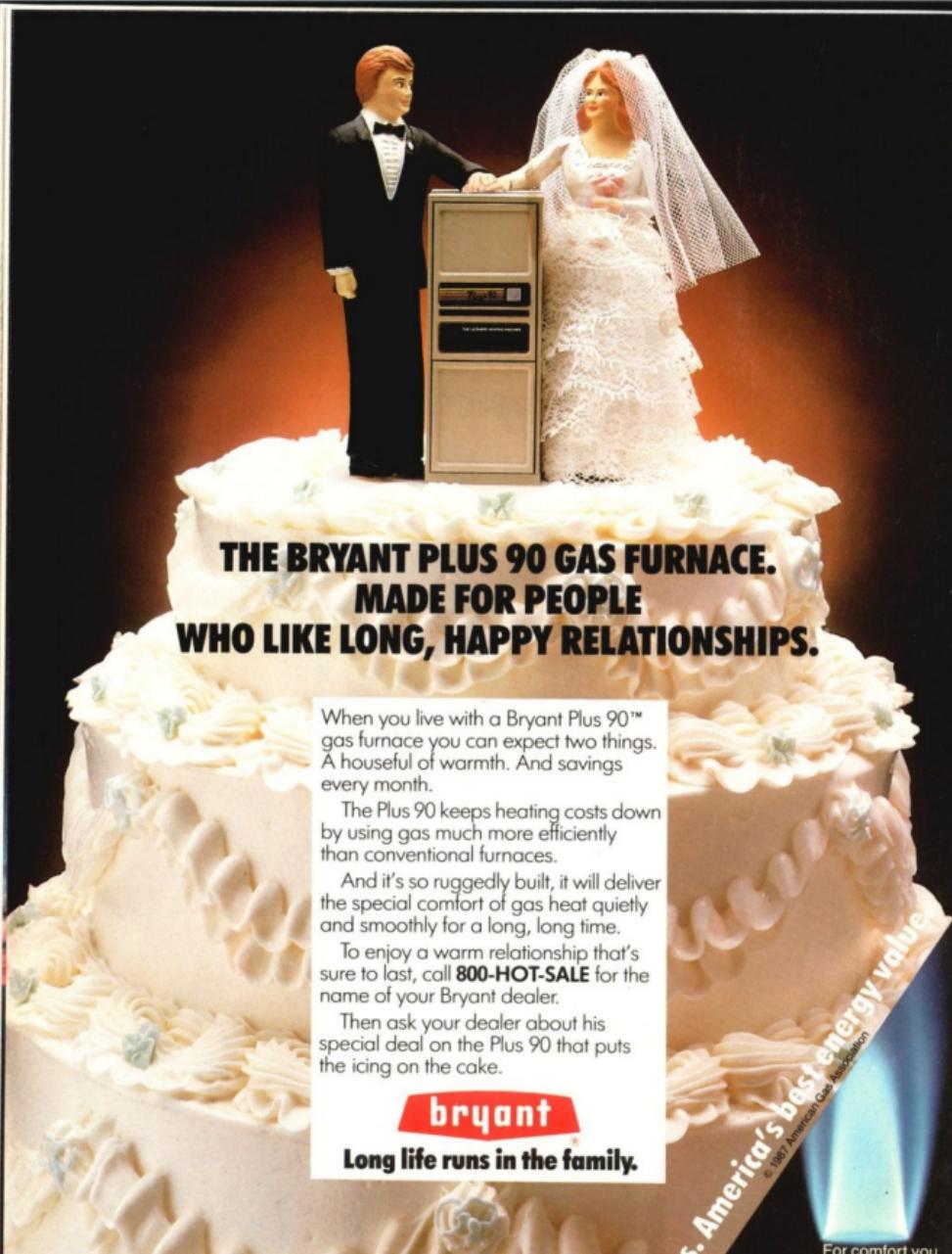
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## Nation

### Have Influence, Will Travel

*Deaver's clout cost big bucks*

**M**ay 1985. Trans World Airlines is trying to fend off a takeover by Carl Icahn. The beleaguered company petitions the Transportation Department to hold a hearing that would delay Icahn's bid, but it looks like the request will be turned down. Searching for other options, TWA needs to buy time—and influence. Enter former White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver. That very month Deaver has left Ronald Reagan's employ to start a Washington "consulting" firm. According to Jon Ash, a former TWA executive, Deaver says, "I can give [Transportation Secretary] Elizabeth Dole a call." Deaver's fee: \$250,000.

June 1985. Philip Morris wants to break into the closed South Korean cigarette market. Its competitor, R.J. Reynolds, has already hired Reagan's former National Security Adviser Richard Allen to press its case. Deaver tells Philip Morris that he has a close relationship with South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan, whose 1981 state visit to Washington he arranged. Deaver goes on to describe how he and Chun embraced in the Oval Office. His fee: \$150,000. Deaver goes to Seoul, is treated like a dignitary, meets the President and other top leaders, and links the cigarette issue to pending trade matters. In addition, the company retains Michelle Laxalt, daughter of then Senator Paul Laxalt, a close friend of the President's.

Such tales of buying friends and influencing people were recounted at Deaver's perjury trial last week. He is charged with five counts of lying before a congressional committee and to federal grand jury investigators about his lobbying activities. Although former Government officials have been selling their access and influence for a long time, the Deaver trial provided a vivid look at how prevalent this practice has become.

None of these activities were necessarily illegal: Deaver was charged with perjury rather than violations of the 1978 Ethics in Government Act. But as Michael Kinsley of the "TRB" column in the *New Republic* notes, "Lobbying is an ideal illustration

of TRB's Law of Scandal, which holds that the scandal isn't what's illegal; the scandal is what's legal." The practices revealed at the Deaver trial not only taint former officials who peddle their connections but also raise questions about the ethics of corporate America. Besides, they are often wasteful: TWA could not withstand the Icahn takeover bid. ■



New Dole Lite: less acerbic, more personal

### Dole Buries His Hatchet

*But the edge remains*

**H**is aides respectfully address him as Senator, but out on the road strangers instinctively call him Bob. They are meant to. The Robert Dole who has been zigzagging across key primary states as a loyal son of the unpretentious Midwest is very persuasive. He strides into an Iowa room, folds his arms over his chest and starts off with a low-key joke. Nothing fancy, just a dry, self-deprecating aside that signals that he too knows what damn fools politicians mostly are. His audience always chuckles appreciatively.

Dole's public demeanor is so folksy that it is jarring to hear him privately revert to his more acerbic Washington self. "People out there know I'm working," Dole snaps when asked if his Senate duties detract from his campaign. "They know Bush doesn't have to." Tired, Dole lets his affability slip. "Bush hasn't said word one since the market crashed," he says angrily. "He has nothing to worry about; he can just go out on Air Force Two, using dozens of federal employees, at a cost of millions..." Dole's voice trails off, his flare of resentment spent.

In Washington the urbane and sardonic Senate minority leader may seem like the George Sanders of the Republican race; out in the rest of the country, he comes off like Will Rogers. As he returns to Russell, Kans., this week to make his formal announcement, Dole once again will be tugging at his hometown roots. Arguing that all the Republican candidates are pretty much alike on matters of policy, Dole is running mainly on his newly

minted persona—softer, less biting. The risk of such a strategy is that he will become known as the candidate with the split personality.

Always witty, Dole has been working overtime to keep the sting out of his quips. But the down-to-earth manner of the new, improved Dole does not always mesh with that of the crafty insider. Political Analyst Kevin Phillips complains, "The image you get is that he drinks milk shakes one day and bourbon the next." Though his Senate record sustains his claims of being sensitive to the needy, he is still haunted by the image he earned as Gerald Ford's hatchet-wielding running mate in 1976. Even New Hampshire voters, whose closest encounter with Dole is a handshake at a Rotary Club luncheon, refer knowingly to Dole's "dark side."

His aides concede that if he ever slips and delivers a really vicious one-liner, "it's all over." He is always careful. All smiles and congeniality at the Republican debate in Houston last month, Dole was so bland that even George Bush seemed more spirited. Fretful aides blamed themselves—and one another—for stressing niceness too hard. But Dole insists the low-key approach was his own. "I wasn't coached at all," he bristles. "My mission was to bury the hatchet."

Part of the strategy involves shedding his previous reluctance to talk about himself or his crippling war wound. Now he uses an intensely personal autobiographical campaign speech. "He grudgingly recognized that the personal touch is effective," explains Confidant Tully Lester.

So far, Dole has done a masterly job of balancing the demands of his Senate position with those of a candidate, using both roles to project an image of leadership and hands-on competence. Last week he was on national news every night of the week, commenting on the domestic summit, Supreme Court Nominee Douglas Ginsburg's prospects, arms control. At an Oval Office meeting, Dole tangled with George Shultz in a quick and quotable way. When the Secretary of State chastised Dole and other Senate Republicans for not embracing the proposed missile treaty, which even liberal Democrats like, Dole snapped, "That's exactly why I want to see it."

Dole has concentrated so intently on "getting people to know who I am" that some friends fear he has neglected to explain what he stands for. In campaignese, he suffers from a "message gap." Dole, who mainly stands for common sense, has always snorted at requests for his "vision." He figures that he has little to gain and plenty to lose by being too specific about programs. But beginning with his formal announcement this week, Dole will little by little flesh out his message of a sound economy and a compassionate society. Without such an effort, he runs the risk of a campaign that focuses mainly on personality. In his case, that can be a double-edged sword. —By Alessandra Stanley/Washington



High-priced

# Some of That Old-Time Religion

*Simon's simple sermon catches fire*



"You must have been a beautiful baby."

Hard to believe, but Paul Simon was, and his mother saved the yellowed newspaper clipping to prove it. Simon, then three, was voted the "prettiest boy baby" by his hometown paper, the Eugene (Ore.) *Register-Guard*, in 1932.

"But, baby, look at you now."

Not even Hans Christian Andersen could invent a presidential candidate as ugly-duckling as Simon: floppy earlobes, horn-rimmed glasses, a putty-like face and a bow tie. Yet the rumble-voiced Illinois Senator has magically emerged as a swan in the Democratic race, partly by playing on his rumpled lack of glamour. Staring into the camera at the end of the first Democratic debate in July, he intoned, "If you want a slick packaged product, I'm not your candidate. If you want someone who levels with you, who you can trust, I am your candidate." Something in that simple Simon sermon resonated with Democratic voters: authenticity in an age of image.

But there is a message that goes with the lack of packaging, one that appeals to a loyal segment of the Democratic Party weary of constant neo-identity crises. In late 1949, when Simon became eligible to vote, he wrote a column for the tiny weekly newspaper in Illinois that he published, explaining why he had become a Democrat. The year before, he had endorsed Republican Thomas Dewey over Harry Truman. His change of heart, the youthful Simon explained, came because he preferred the Democrats' commitment to "world peace" and "genuine world free trade" and faulted the Republicans for their backsliding on "civil rights" and their antilabor sentiments symbolized by the Taft-Hartley Act. The same thoughts and phrases echo in his speeches today. What distinguishes him in the current campaign is that, from his bow tie to his emphasis on creating jobs, Simon, 58, has remained faithful to Truman and to bedrock Democratic Party values.

The somewhat surprising result is that this first-term Senator from downstate Illinois, a college dropout whose education came as a crusading small-town newspaper editor, is suddenly no longer viewed as a presidential ego-tripper, the 1988 version of Alan Cranston. At least for the moment, he is running with Michael Dukakis, Richard Gephardt and Jesse Jackson at the front of the Democratic pack.

More than almost any other contemporary politician, Simon has left a paper trail of his philosophical career. For nearly 40

years, he has written weekly newspaper columns. Odd as it may seem in an as-told-to era, he has also written eleven books, banging them out on an ancient Royal typewriter that he inherited from his parents. Jeanne Simon, his wife, speculates that the books may be Simon's way of compensating for his lack of a college degree. "I think Paul in his writings is saying, 'I know what I'm doing,'" she explains. The range of book topics captures Simon's eclectic enthusiasms: an insightful chronicle of Abraham Lincoln's years in the Illinois legislature; a critique of Americans' disinterest in learning foreign languages; and a 1967 primer, written with Jeanne, a Roman Catholic, titled *Protestant-Catholic Marriages Can Succeed*. Several of his books capture Simon's earnest belief in self-improvement. A 1986 guide for young people, *Beginnings*, recommends these antidotes for loneliness: "walk through three stores... write a poem... take a shower."

This can-do optimism is a trait that Simon inherited from his father Martin, who died of leukemia in 1969. Martin and Ruth Simon were Lutheran missionaries in China before Martin accepted a pastorate in Eugene a month prior to the birth of their oldest son Paul in 1928. In the early 1930s, the Simons began publishing religious pamphlets out of their home, as well as a monthly magazine called the *Christian Parent*. Ruth Simon recalls, "When we went into business, we didn't have a dime of our own." A monthly treat was a Sunday after-church lunch at the Rex Café in downtown Eugene, where Paul and his younger brother Arthur would order chicken à la king for 35¢.

Martin wanted his sons to go into the ministry, an ambition that Arthur later fulfilled. But Paul's dreams were shaped by reading the autobiography of William Allen White, the publisher of the *Emporia (Kans.) Gazette*. "In grade school," Arthur says, "Paul began talking about owning a weekly newspaper and going into politics." To this day, Simon remains a devout Lutheran layman.

In quest of a more central location for their business, the Simons moved to Highland, Ill., some 35 miles from St. Louis, in 1946. Paul enrolled at Dana College, a Lutheran school in Blair, Neb. He was a little more than a year short of graduation when his parents discovered that the weekly paper in nearby Troy, Ill., was about to fold. With the help of a \$3,600 loan guaranteed by the local Lions Club, Paul Simon, 19, was the publisher and owner of the *Troy Tribune*. "I wanted to be the Walter Lippmann of my generation," he explains, "and this looked better than writing obituaries."

With a circulation of about 1,000, the *Tribune* was a sleepy small-town weekly—until its boy editor stumbled on punchboard gambling in Madison County. With the impetuosity of youth, Simon unearthed a daisy chain of gambling and prostitution operating under the protection of local officials. A typical issue of the *Tribune* would combine an angry front-page editorial decrying gambling with an earnest column by the editor ("Trojan Thoughts") singing the praises of church camps.

Simon spent the Korean War as an Army private in West Germany, interrogating East German defectors. A diary he briefly kept during this period tends toward the prosaic: "Attended Easter Service in downtown Stuttgart. Went away very much uninspired." Back in Troy, he mounted an uphill campaign for state representative in 1954 "to show that you could beat the system." By dint of his innate friendliness and the hard work of shaking



A symbol of authenticity: Simon at home in Makanda, Ill.

PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR TIME



## NEW LIFE FOR YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE. THE TRAVELERS' UNIVERSAL LIFE.

In nature, the egg provides ideal protection and the opportunity for growth.

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You have the life insurance protection you need. Plus the tax-deferred growth opportunity you want.

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You're better off under the Umbrella.™

# How to find the best wagon without spinning your 車輪.

There seems to be a mini-boom.

Nearly every car maker now has a small wagon. And while they're all designed to be more roomy, one is also designed to be more you: the 7-passenger 1988 Colt Vista.

To begin with, it's the most versatile wagon in its class. With seats that fold into more different configurations than anybody else's. To hold just about any combination of family, friends and freight in grand style.

Its trim size means it's easy to

maneuver and park.

And it's full of thoughtful features like a center console, map pockets and underseat storage to keep everything in its place.

Vista even offers you an optional push-button 4-wheel drive **4WD** to help make sure snow and steep hills never stand in your way.

And Vista's sticker price is hundreds less than Nissan's 4WD Stanza wagon.\* Even though Vista has more standard seating and offers options you can't even

get on their wagon.

For excellent reliability, Vista is built by Mitsubishi in Japan.

You can test drive the new Colt Vista at your Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge Dealer.

Which is nice.

Because owning a wagon that caters to your every 希望する事 is even better when it's sold by a dealer who does the same.

## 優秀 Colt

It's all the Japanese you need to know.



Buckle up for safety.



Colts are built by Mitsubishi Motors Corp. and sold exclusively at Chrysler-Plymouth and Dodge Dealers.

\*Sticker price comparison of base models. Standard equipment levels vary.

## Nation

30,000 hands, he succeeded.

As a reform legislator in a machine-dominated state, Simon found life in Springfield lonely, until a few like-minded colleagues were elected in 1956. One of them was Jeanne Hurley, a liberal Democratic lawyer from the Chicago suburb of Wilmette. "Long before Paul and I fell in love," she recalls, "we were working together as colleagues." Simon proposed on their second date. This being the 1950s, Hurley reconciled herself to giving up her legislative seat, though even today one can hear hints of regret over abandoning her dream of becoming a judge. Their respective religions were a more serious problem—for the parents. Martin Simon was initially opposed to the match. At one point, his son asked, "Dad, if I married the worst drunk in the county and she was a Lutheran, then would it be all right?"

Paul and Jeanne Simon were married in 1960, and their daughter Sheila, now a lawyer, was born eleven months later. Over the next several years Jeanne had five miscarriages; the family adopted their son Martin, now a photographer. She has accepted that her husband, for all his other accomplishments, will never earn a college degree. Jeanne remembers mentioning the credentials problem to Martin Simon in the mid-1960s, only to be told gruffly, "Paul's doing fine without it."

Elected to the state senate in 1962, Simon remained stubbornly resistant to the "money talks" morality of the legislature. In a gesture that he considers the most courageous act of his political career, he finally went public with his complaints in an article in *Harper's* titled "The Illinois Legislature: A Study in Corruption." Along with a legislative colleague, Anthony Scario, now an Illinois judge, Simon followed up by testifying to no avail before an Illinois crime commission. "As a result, we were pariahs," Scario recalls. Simon developed a bleeding ulcer. The only good thing to come out of it, Jeanne Simon says, is that on his doctor's orders the abstemious Simon began drinking a glass of wine with dinner.

Amid a Republican landslide in 1968, Simon was elected Lieutenant Governor under Republican Richard Ogilvie and thus became the top Democrat in the state. In his bid to become Governor four years later, he won the endorsement of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley. It was a rare miscalculation for Simon: not only did this marriage of convenience sully his reform reputation, but the Daley machine failed to deliver. He was upended by Maverick Dan Walker in the primary.

Scars from that race lingered, even as Simon won a House seat in 1974. What haunted him was his failure to respond directly to Walker's charges. "I learned that if your opponent takes out after you, you take out after him," he says. If anything, Simon erred the other way in his 1984 upset of three-term Senator Charles Percy: he was too aggressive. As David Axelrod, who was and still is a



Campaign partners: the can-do candidate with his wife Jeanne over Boston

top Simon campaign adviser, puts it, "When he lashed out against Percy, there was no question that some of that anger was lingering anger about 1972."

His nearly three years in the Senate have been uneventful; the soft-spoken Simon is universally well liked by his colleagues, but even while on the Judiciary Committee during the Robert Bork hearings, he did little to claim public notice. He is very much a loner, acting as his own chief speechwriter and counsel. His presidential race began almost by accident. He endorsed Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, and then belatedly jumped into the fray in May after Bumpers

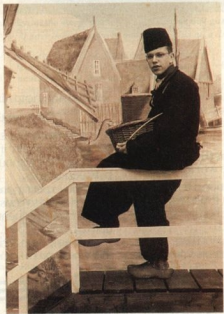
joined the ranks of Democratic sideliners.

To each campaign there is a season, and as Dukakis sizzled in the summer, so has Simon flowered in the fall. The *New Republic* plastered his image on the cover, along with the Warholian legend, "Paul Simon, your 15 minutes have arrived." Joseph Biden's top Iowa lieutenants endorsed him. The latest *New York Times*-CBS poll showed Simon jumping into first place among Democrats in Iowa, with 16% support. New York Governor Mario Cuomo tossed an unexpected garland in Simon's direction last week, pronouncing that he looks "strong" and that "I feel great, great empathy with him."

There remains, to be sure, a certain implausibility about Simon as the eventual nominee. Image is part of the problem; unfashionable bow ties and horn-rims can captivate a limited number of anti-chic contrarians, but they can make a candidate seem quirky to others. So is ideology: Simon's dovish rhetoric seems unlikely to play well in the South, even though Iowa voters respond to applause lines like "I think the choice is the arms race or the human race." Simon may confound liberal orthodoxy by his support of a balanced-budget amendment, but the centerpiece of his domestic agenda remains an almost nostalgic \$8 billion public jobs program, modeled after Franklin Roosevelt's WPA. There is a lingering suspicion that Democratic voters are just flirting with Simon before they pledge their troth to a more conventionally marriageable candidate. As a top strategist to a Democratic rival puts it, "There is a distinct limit to how much his support can grow."

Indeed, the basis for Simon's current appeal is the very thing that could prove his undoing: his frequent claims that "more than any other candidate I have demonstrated that I am willing to do what's unpopular." His sartorial and ideological independence, along with his fealty to the old-time Democratic religion, can do little more than grant him his 15 minutes of celebrity. To become President, he must make sure that these go-it-alone traits do not begin to seem like studied eccentricity, wearisome piety and philosophical quaintness.

—By Walter Shapiro



As a tourist in the Netherlands, 1952

# It's amazing what happens when you put the customer first.

*In a recent survey, North American frequent fliers selected American Airlines #1 in the world.*



At American Airlines, we've always believed in putting the customer first. Now, in an independent survey, frequent fliers have just returned the compliment.

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*Something special in the air.<sup>®</sup>*

\*Based on a 1987 independent survey of 28,000 frequent fliers, conducted by the International Foundation of Airline Passenger Associations, Geneva, Switzerland.

## Nation

# The Misadventures of *el Patrón*

Congress and the courts close in on Contra Supporter John Hull

"Costa Rica is like Tangiers or Casablanca. There are spies everywhere."

—John Hull, rancher

The locals call him *el Patrón*. A tough-talking, leathery native of Indiana, he came to Costa Rica in the early 1960s and carved out his own Central American Xanadu, 40 miles south of the Nicaraguan border. The 1,500-acre ranch where he raises cattle and grows oranges is the centerpiece of six properties he owns or manages. Once a week the modern-day feudal baron and his Costa Rican wife Margarita ride out on horseback to check on the 100 workers in their employ. *El Patrón* also enjoys climbing into his blue-and-white Cessna and taking off from one of his half-a-dozen or more airstrips to survey his fiefdom from a God's-eye view.

But lately there has been trouble in John Hull's paradise. The threat of assassination has prompted the 66-year-old rancher to ship his two children to the U.S. Barricades have been installed along the perimeter of his main estate. The ranch-house roof has been reinforced to resist mortar attack; large mesh screens cover the windows to repel grenades. Until recently as many as five bodyguards, paid a total of \$800 a month, watched over Hull and his wife. This protection, says Hull, was provided by his stateside patron: the CIA.

Hull, a dual citizen of the U.S. and Costa Rica, says the U.S. intelligence community once counted him among its most valuable assets along Nicaragua's southern border. When Congress was constraining the Reagan Administration from supporting the *contras*' war against Nicaragua's Sandinista regime, Hull was a leader of the network that helped sustain the rebels' "southern front." His airstrips were used by planes that supplied U.S. weapons, food and clothes to the *contras*; his ranch house was the site of delicate negotiations among *contra* factions, and he was a conduit for money used to support rebel activities. Directly across the San Carlos River from Hull's ranch sits a powerful radio transmitter for the Voice of America, which broadcasts daily into Nicaragua. Though Hull claims he was never on the CIA's payroll, he admits he was an agency liaison, "providing information to my government."

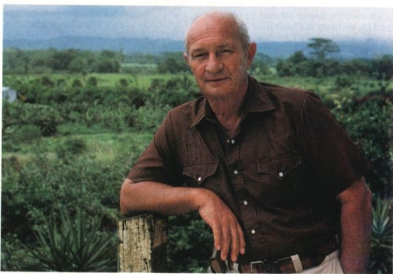
The CIA support evaporated when the Iran-*contra* scandal broke last year, says Hull, and now *el Patrón* is the target of major investigations and a controversial lawsuit in the U.S. "In the news media and absolutely nowhere else, I have been accused of being a CIA agent, a drug smuggler and an assassin," declared Hull in a statement he says he made last summer to the office of Iran-*contra* Independent

Counsel Lawrence Walsh. "I can assure you that if the assassination charge were true, there are people walking the streets today that would have long since been six feet under."

The latest inquiry into Hull's activities began two weeks ago, when the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Affairs opened hearings in Washington to probe U.S. Government loans to Hull and examine charges that *contra* suppliers operating from Hull's ranches had been flying shipments of cocaine and marijuana

connections of the Iran-*contra* affair. Hull greatly admired former National Security Council Aide Oliver North, the *contras*' aggressive champion. When North's associate Robert Owen appeared before Congress's Iran-*contra* committees last spring, he read a treacly ode to the Marine colonel penned by none other than John Hull. The *contras* gain sustenance, the poem read, from the "knowledge that on this troubled earth there still walk men like Ollie North . . . In our lifetime, you have given us the legend."

Both Owen and North, however, suspected that *contra* suppliers were dealing in narcotics. After a conversation with Owen on Aug. 9, 1985, North scribbled a message in the spiral notebook he used as a diary: "DC-6 which is being used for [contra supply] runs out of New Orleans



Eye of the storm: the rancher poses at his well-guarded 1,500-acre spread in Costa Rica

"I have been accused of being a CIA agent, a drug smuggler and an assassin."

into the U.S. Said Subcommittee Special Counsel Jack Blum: "We will continue hearings into the question of how the [contras] war was used as a cover for narcotics operations."

Hull admits the CIA warned him that certain *contra* leaders were involved in the drug trade but maintains he knew nothing about his land being used for narcotics trafficking. He angrily disputes allegations by Senate investigators that his motive for helping the *contras* was to make a profit. If the Sandinistas are not overthrown, he wrote in a position paper for Walsh that he provided to TIME, "Central America will be lost and North America will cease to be a world power and eventually fall under the yoke of Communism." To Hull, Senate Subcommittee Chairman John Kerry and his colleagues are Communist dupes. "When you castrate our own intelligence service," he says, "politicians such as Kerry are helping the KGB."

The congressional investigators expect their probe to tie up some of the loose

is probably being used for drug runs into U.S."

Hull, never summoned to appear before the Iran-*contra* committees, says he did talk to Walsh's investigators under a grant of limited immunity. Hull told them that in 1984 and 1985 he received \$10,000 a month from *Contra* Leader Adolfo Calero to finance rebel support activities. Though he insists he answered the independent counsel's questions honestly, Hull is concerned that Walsh might try to indict him for perjury.

Kerry's subcommittee is also looking into a \$375,000 loan that Hull and a handful of partners received in 1983 from the U.S. Overseas Private Investment Corp., purportedly to revamp a sawmill. The owner of the mill, Rancher William Crone, testified that almost none of the \$375,000 was used for its designated purpose. Embarrassed OPIEC officials conceded that collateral for the loan was valueless and said they had asked the Justice Department for a fraud investigation.

Senate probes suspect the money was used to finance some of the covert operations that North described during the Iran-contra hearings.

Crone, a U.S. citizen, testified that Costa Rican officials told him *contra* suppliers were running drugs, but the fearful witness refused to name names in public. In fact, Crone had pleaded to be allowed to give his testimony in private session. "I may be subject to some harassment from Mr. Hull in Costa Rica for the information I have given you," he explained. When asked outside the hearing room if he believed his life was in danger, Crone replied cryptically. "There have been those who have been killed or disappeared."

In Miami, Hull figures in a federal grand jury investigation of possible violations of criminal laws stemming from *contra* activities in Central America. The jury has heard testimony that he was involved in an abortive *contra* scheme to blow up the U.S. embassy in Costa Rica and pin it on the Sandinistas. The resulting furor, the plotters hoped, would force the U.S. to declare war on Nicaragua.

Hull is also a defendant in a civil lawsuit brought in Miami by the liberal Chrisc Institute, a Washington-based public-interest law group. The plaintiffs allege that Hull helped plan an assassination attempt on onetime *Contra* Leader Edén Pastora Gómez. As early as in 1983, Hull traveled to Washington to argue that Pastora should be replaced because he was a secret Communist sympathizer. On May 30, 1984, a bomb exploded at a Pastora press conference in La Penca, Nicaragua, killing five and wounding 27 others, including Pastora. At the time of the bombing, Hull claims, he was meeting with Owen and the CIA's Costa Rica station chief in a San José hotel room. Hull contends that Pastora himself orchestrated the attack to generate anti-*contra* publicity.

Hull has even been implicated in a real estate con game in Costa Rica, and is being sued there for diverting money from ranches he was managing for absentee owners. At the recent congressional hearings, two North American investors accused Hull of pocketing their profits and taking over land and equipment they owned. "I happened to see a television interview with Hull on his ranch," Canadian Financier Douglas Siple indignantly told the Senators, "and realized that Mr. Hull was standing on my land."

Despite his travails, Hull has lost none of his cocky swagger. By his own account, he did not even bother to bring a lawyer along with him for his meeting with Walsh's investigators. When Robert Owen's high-priced attorney offered to represent him, Hull told the man, "On my ranch, I pay my workers 60¢ an hour. I guess I could afford to pay a big Washington lawyer as much as \$10 an hour." Recalling the incident, *el Patrón* grins: "He didn't ask me for my business again."

—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.

Reported by Jonathan Beatty/Ciudad Quesada

## Mississippi Rises Again

*A new young Governor promises an era of reform*

A seven-piece band served up a bouncy rendition of the once popular tune *Ain't No Stopping Us Now*. In the steamy hotel ballroom, Democratic partisans lifted a rhythmic chant: "Mabus, Mabus, Mabus." On the podium, Mississippi's new Governor-elect let out a short celebratory whoop, then slowly declared, "Change has come." He repeated his campaign theme, "Mississippi will never be last again!"

The assertions were not entirely outlandish. Raymond Mabus Jr., a wispy, cocksure state auditor, had spent four years in a zealous crusade against public corruption during his first term in public office. Then, in an iconoclastic campaign for Governor, he railed against the decadence of "old-time politics and the old-

swept a whole team of young, fresh-faced reformers into the statehouse. Mike Moore, 35, a county district attorney who until recently was scarcely known outside his Gulf Coast habitat, was elected attorney general, the youngest since 1912. Pete Johnson, 39, a third-generation politician who counts a grandfather and an uncle among former Mississippi Governors, was elected state auditor, replacing Mabus. Said Johnson: "This has been a mandate that Mississippians want to see our state move forward." In other rites of passage, John Stennis, 86, has announced his retirement after 40 years in the Senate. And Ross Barnett, the segregationist Governor who only under the guns of federal troops in 1962 admitted James Meredith as the first black student at the University of Mississippi, died last week at the age of 89.

For a state stereotyped as piteously poor and prejudiced, Mississippi has shown its eager-



Mabus celebrating his victory: "We're gonna be an inspiration"

*In neighboring Louisiana, too, the old-boy network was in shreds.*

time politicians." Last week, at 39, he was elected one of the nation's youngest Governors and the leader of an awakening movement to free Mississippi from its long-standing image of lethargy and backwardness.

It was the second gust of reform to hit the Deep South in a month, similar to the election of Buddy Roemer as Governor of Louisiana, Mississippi's partner at the bottom of most measures of prosperity. Both men are young reformers with graduate degrees from Harvard who are dedicated to dispelling the tarnished establishments that have dominated their states' politics, beefing up education systems and aggressively seeking new forms of industry.

Mabus' opponent, Jack Reed, stressed many of the same themes. Reed, a progressive, respected businessman who served on the state board of education, got 47% of the vote, more than any other Republican since Reconstruction.

Along with Mabus, Mississippi voters

ness to cast off the plagues of racial politics, an archaic constitution and rural-dominated economics. One recent symbol: the crowning last summer of a black woman, 23-year-old Toni Swearight, as Miss Mississippi. Yet the attitude is hardly unanimous. Last week voters finally repealed a 97-year-old constitutional ban on interracial marriage (which had already been struck down by the courts), but they did so by an embarrassingly close 52% to 48%.

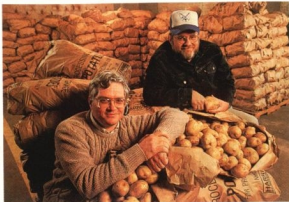
Mabus announced that his first business will be to raise the pay of schoolteachers to the average of the other states in the Southeast, \$23,100. That will cost the state close to \$165 million, and he proposed, perhaps unrealistically, to fund the hike without raising taxes. His brassness alone might go a long way toward restoring his state's pride. When asked which state would serve as his model for education reform and economic development, he replied, "The one state that people ought to look at is Mississippi. We're gonna be an inspiration."

—By Don Winbush/Jackson

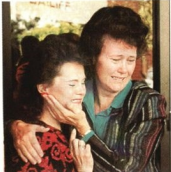
## American Notes



Philadelphia: Goode wins



Hunger: Potato Project Founders Ray Buchanan and Ken Horne



California: a tearful Batey, right

### PHILADELPHIA

## Goode Enough For a Win

After Philadelphia's former law-and-order Mayor Frank Rizzo was beaten in a 1983 Democratic primary by black City Managing Director Wilson Goode, he refused to stay quietly in retirement. This year Rizzo bolted to the Republican Party and ran for his old job, blasting Goode for the inept fire bombing of a house of black radicals that killed eleven people and destroyed 61 homes. His appeal to his core constituency of white ethnic voters almost worked. Rizzo last week carried the party's heavily Democratic ethnic wards, but some 98% of blacks stuck with Goode, despite his record, and 20% of the white voters joined them. The result was a squeaky 51%-to-49% re-election for the city's first black mayor.

### HUNGER

## Pass the Potatoes

Every year American farmers discard millions of pounds of potatoes that are too unattractive to send to market. Why can't this otherwise good food be distributed to the needy? That's what Ken Horne, 42, and Ray Buchanan, 40, asked themselves in 1983. The two

Methodist ministers began to collect unsold potatoes from local farmers and distribute them to food centers. Since then, the Potato Project has sprouted in 47 states and has shipped a total of 56 million lbs. of spuds (the equivalent of 165 million servings) to 250 anti-hunger agencies.

Working with a staff of four at the project's headquarters in Big Island, Va., Horne and Buchanan have created a highly efficient distribution network. Farmers are instructed to send their rejects to the nearest food agency, and the project covers their expenses. "At 1¢ per serving in total cost, you can salvage a lot of food for very little money," says Buchanan. However, even with an annual budget of \$632,000 (provided by religious organizations and individual contributors), the project still could not afford to ship 10 million lbs. of available potatoes last year.

### CANDIDATES

## Makin' Up Is Hard to Do

As a founder of the Parents Music Resource Center, Tipper Gore spearheaded a campaign against offensive rock lyrics that culminated in widely publicized hearings in 1985 before her husband, Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore, and other lawmakers on the Senate Commerce Committee. Now that he is campaigning for the

Democratic presidential nomination, however, Gore does not want to alienate entertainment figures who are a rich source of funds for the party. So the Senator and his wife traveled to Hollywood last month for a not entirely harmonious gathering with music-industry executives. "The Gores looked on it as an opportunity to clear the air," Press Secretary Arlie Schardt says of the luncheon, which was organized by MCA Music Entertainment Chief Irving Azoff and Lawyer Mickey Kantor. Nevertheless, the Gores did not win over many new fans. Says Miles Copeland, manager of Singer Sting: "I was most unimpressed."

### SAILING

## A True Rite Of Passage

Although she thought she might want to be a writer, 18-year-old Tania Aebi was playing Manhattan's canyons as a bicycle messenger. Sensing that his daughter was adrift, Ernst Aebi presented her with an unusual choice: college tuition or a small boat she could sail around the world.

Though she was only a novice sailor, Aebi took the boat. Last week she triumphantly returned to New York harbor, completing a 29-month, 27,000-mile circumnavigation. Aebi unwittingly jeopardized her chance to be the youngest person ever to

make the trip alone when she gave a friend a ride from Pago Pago to Western Samoa, a distance of only 75 miles. Still, setting records was not the point. Said her father, as the champagne flowed: "She's become a very accomplished person."

### CALIFORNIA

## "Stable and Wholesome"

From the age of four, Brian Batey, now 16, has been caught in a bitter custody battle between his Christian Fundamentalist mother and his homosexual father. Rather than comply with a 1982 court order awarding Brian to her former husband, Betty Lou Batey disappeared with the boy for 19 months before surrendering to authorities in 1984. Brian returned to live with his father Frank and Frank's longtime lover, Craig Corbett, in Palm Springs. But when Frank Batey died of AIDS in June, his mother once again tried to get him back.

Last week the tug-of-war came to an end. San Diego Superior Court Judge Judith McConnell bowed to Brian's wishes and left him in the "stable and wholesome environment" provided by Corbett. Betty Lou Batey stormed out in the middle of the hearing, but will not challenge the decision. Said she: "All I can say is that I believe in the ultimate judge, God."

## World

CENTRAL AMERICA

# Eyeing a Dialogue

*Ortega offers half an olive branch, but Washington insists on the whole bough*



Something was in the air. Earlier in the week, posters tacked on Managua telephone poles had declared: NO TO A DIALOGUE WITH THE CONTRAS. By Wednesday, however, the signs had been ripped down, and squawking radios urged Nicaraguans to support peace efforts in Central America. But the 50,000 people who jammed Managua's Revolution Plaza on Thursday night got more than they had bargained for. An exhausted President Daniel Ortega Saavedra, just returned from Moscow, announced that his Sandinista government would make three concessions to demonstrate Nicaragua's "firm will to contribute to regional peace."

First came the easy news: 981 prisoners would be set free, none of them national guardsmen convicted of major crimes. Then the non-news: Nicaragua would declare a general amnesty and lift its state of emergency once the U.S. halted all aid to the *contra* rebels. Finally, the real news: the Sandinistas were willing to talk with the *contras* through an intermediary to negotiate a cease-fire.

The offer was a stunning reversal for the Sandinistas, who for years have dismissed the *contras* as "U.S. puppets" and rejected talks of any kind with rebel leaders. Ortega tried to downplay the shift by emphasizing that his proposal does not extend to political negotiations. Cease-fire talks, he said, "unmask those who say they want peace but in reality want war." The concessions coincided with the first deadline of the peace plan championed by President Oscar Arias Sánchez of

Costa Rica and signed last August by five Central American Presidents. While the Reagan Administration countered Ortega's offer with a call for direct talks, *contra* leaders hailed the announcement as a "triumph for the resistance." After listening to Ortega's speech on radio in Costa Rica, they urged that Miguel Cardinal Obando y Bravo, Nicaragua's ranking churchman, be tapped to mediate the talks. The next day, Ortega visited the Cardinal's office and later emerged with Obando to announce that Obando had agreed to take the job. A date and place for the first meeting remain to be set.

Despite the diplomatic obstacles

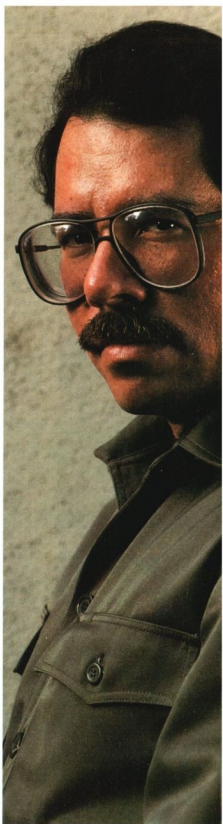
ahead, Nicaragua's overture promises to put fresh wind in the listless sails of Central America's peace process. While no one seriously believed an enduring peace would settle over the region on Nov. 5, as called for by the pact, Arias had repeatedly warned that negotiations were at an "impasse" that could be broken only if the Sandinistas yielded on the cease-fire talks. Though the Reagan Administration has never

been happy with the accord, the proposal has so far survived, if only because no leader wants to be seen as the man who killed it.

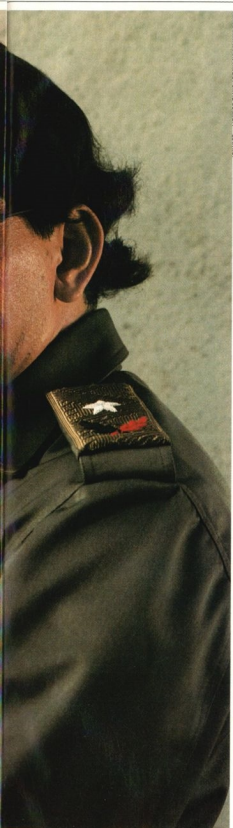
That much was clear as the initial cease-fire deadline came and went last week without anyone proclaiming the plan a failure. During separate trips to the U.S. last month, Ortega and Honduran President José Azcona Hoyo had warned that they would no longer feel bound by the accord if cease-fires, amnesties, cut-offs of foreign aid to rebels, and other goals were not achieved on schedule. Yet



Man with a vision: Arias



Full stare ahead: Nicaragua's overture puts fresh



wind in the listless sails of the peace process

both men remained committed to the proposal, even as rebel violence continued in Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala. The White House had planned to use the failed deadline to push for \$270 million in new *contra* aid. But with a congressional defeat looming, the Administration decided to seek only \$30 million in nonlethal aid, to tide the *contras* over at least through mid-January.

The peace framework may yet buckle under the weight of details. A central concern is whether Nicaragua's Marxist-oriented comandantes will honor their commitments to democratic reform and peaceful coexistence with their neighbors, or are merely making temporary moves to ensure the destruction of the *contras*. Since the signing of the accord, Nicaragua has taken several small steps, among them reopening the opposition daily *La Prensa* and Radio Católica, inviting three exiled priests to return home and beginning talks with Nicaragua's opposition parties. But, warns an Arias aide, "we see all kinds of indications that Ortega would like to wriggle out of his commitments."

Already the Nicaraguan government has rolled back some of its reforms. Two weeks ago a popular visitation program with Costa Rica was suspended after 1,200 Nicaraguans failed to come back. (Last week Honduras suspended a similar program with Nicaragua but offered no explanation.) The Sandinistas then canceled scheduled talks with Miskito Indian rebels from eastern Nicaragua and confiscated opposition posters. Last week Ortega called off the Sandinistas' unilateral cease-fires in four war zones, plainly hoping to appease hard-liners within his own government, who oppose even indirect talks with the rebels. "The *contras* did not respect that cease-fire," he shouted in Revolution Plaza, shaking his fist. "We are going to go after them tooth and nail."

*Contras* inside Nicaragua admit they have been using the cease-fire zones for resupply operations. Ironically, as even some of the rebels' strongest supporters reluctantly conclude the *contra* effort is doomed—an opinion seemingly shared by many of the civilian *contra* leaders—the estimated 12,000 rebel soldiers are finally beginning to look like a fighting force. Armed with U.S. Redeye missiles, the *contras* claim to have shot down more than 20 Sandinista helicopters this year, and are now stepping up attacks in the northern provinces. A sympathetic expatriate community in Miami still believes the *contras* could win the war if U.S. funding continues, a prospect that it admits is dim. "There will be a lot of bitter Nicaraguans in Miami," warns Jaime Suchlicki, the Cuban-born director of the University of Miami's Institute of Interamerican Studies. "Who would trust the U.S. after this?"

The Reagan Administration has been all but squeezed out of a debate that it once dominated. The White House has grave reservations about the peace pact's ability to restrict Soviet-bloc aid to Nicaragua or evict Cuban and Soviet advisers from Nicaraguan soil. But Reagan has been unable to effectively press his case for tougher security measures. "The more Washington opposes Arias, the more prestige Arias gains," says Arturo Cruz, a former *contra* leader. Upstaged by Arias, sidelined by even staunch allies in Honduras and El Salvador, Reagan is finding that he has little sway over Central America's agenda. Says a State Department official: "We're very much the caboose on this one."

The White House is still suffering from its gaffe last August, when it hastily cobbled together a peace plan with House Speaker Jim Wright. The more stringent plan was unveiled as the Central American Presidents were convening in Guatemala City, and the White House expected it to supplant the less demanding Arias initiative. Instead, the plan produced two unexpected consequences: the Central Americans took offense at the gringo meddling, and U.S. allies in the region interpreted the White House scheme to mean that Washington was ready for peace. Three days later, against all predictions, the Central Americans signed the homegrown pact. Wright rushed to embrace Arias' effort, and the Reagan-Wright plan crumbled.

The White House also misjudged how the fitful peace process was playing both at home and abroad. As Ortega made his concessions, the U.S. Administration kept up a fretful patter, denouncing Sandinista compromises as "cosmetic" and the plan as "fatally flawed." That strategy continued last week, when a State Department official dismissed the pending pardon of the 981 prisoners as a "pitiful number compared to the more than 9,000 that remain," and another department official called Ortega's bid for indirect talks with the *contras* "mostly cosmetic." Says an aide to Arias: "Reagan has done something I thought impossible: he has aroused sympathy for Daniel Ortega."

The Administration has come across as intransigent at a time when it would be better served by flexibility. Reagan's claims of support for the peace process have been undermined by his dramatic pledges to support the "freedom fighters" no matter what the outcome of the Arias plan. Says Viron Vaky, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs during the Carter years: "The U.S. is loath to negotiate anything but the terms of the Sandinistas' surrender." Some Administration officials now admit as much. "Our policy toward Nicaragua is nothing more

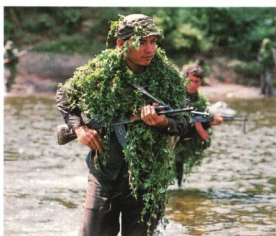


Face-off with rebels: Duarte

than support for the *contras*," says a senior official. "Without the *contras*—and they'll be gone before you know it—we have no policy. That's the pathetic truth."

If Reagan does attempt to push his \$270 million *contra*-aid package early next year, Congressmen from both parties doubt that the bill will pass. "Most of us don't want to get in the way [of the peace talks] right now," explains Democratic Representative Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma. That sentiment, however, does not faze some at the White House. "At the very least, we'll make everyone stand up and be counted," says an Administration official. "There will be a clear record of who abandoned the *contras*, who made U.S. military involvement more likely."

Even if the White House decides to abandon the *contras*, the Guatemala accord is not assured of success. With the exception of Costa Rica, each of the participating countries still has much to accomplish. In El Salvador talks between the government and guerrillas have been stalled since the slaying of a human-rights activist two weeks ago. Last week President José Napoleón Duarte proclaimed a unilateral cease-fire. His detractors suggest that the move is designed to invite violations so that Duarte can claim he tried his best, then order



Not a potted plant: a new Sandinista army recruit in training  
"We are going to go after the *contras* tooth and nail."

up an army offensive. Less than 48 hours after Duarte's announcement, fighting erupted in the northern province of Chalatenango.

Honduras' Azcona vows that he will not expel *contras* from Honduran territory until the Sandinistas negotiate a cease-fire with the rebels. In Guatemala the first talks between the government and guerrillas in 25 years have broken down; 16 more lives were taken last week. In Nicaragua the Sandinistas have headaches that go beyond the plan. Last week it was

learned that Defense Minister Humberto Ortega's top aide, Major Róger Miranda Bengochea, had defected to the U.S. Ortega denounced his aide as a "traitorous worm" and said he had decamped because he was passed over for a promotion last July.

Still, the wobbly peace process has survived its first hurdle. This week foreign ministers will convene for a meeting of the Organization of American States in Washington. Ortega is expected to attend to promote the peace plan and underscore Nicaragua's compliance. The next significant deadline comes two months from now, when the Central American Presidents are supposed to meet again to assess where the plan has been and where it is going. Some in the Reagan Administration are wagering that by then

the peace process will be moribund and the quest for additional *contra* funding will look less quixotic.

More likely, the results will be as mixed as they are now. If the leaders of Central America can accomplish more than just setting new deadlines—and if Ortega eventually engages the *contras* across a negotiating table instead of a battlefield—the peace dream may seem less impossible.

—By Jill Smolowe  
Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and John Moody/Managua

## Ortega: "This Is the Limit"

*Daniel Ortega Saavedra had one of the busiest weeks of his life last week. He spent the first few days in Moscow, attending the celebration of the 70th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution and meeting with Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev. Then, as Ortega was flying home, his wife Rosario Murillo gave birth to the couple's seventh child and first daughter. On Thursday night Ortega delivered what he described as the most difficult speech of his career, a 50-minute oration in which he offered to negotiate a cease-fire with the *contras*. The next day Ortega met in his Managua office with TIME Correspondent John Moody. Excerpts:*

**On his speech.** I think that the people who came were expecting something different. Perhaps they expected us to take a totally closed position. The cease-fire negotiations were the most difficult part, because it was necessary to make very clear to the people that what's not involved is a political dialogue. We are against a political dialogue. That is an unchanging position.

**On future concessions.** These measures mark the limit. Beyond these, we would be going too far, affecting the credibility of the government with the Nicaraguan people.

**On the peace process.** You get the impression that only Nicaragua is obligated to comply, and only it is being publicly singled

out, and not Honduras, where there are *contra* bases, or Costa Rica, where *contra* leaders live and where armed groups are launching attacks against Nicaragua. This is prohibited by the accord.

**On the U.S.** The first message is the massive number [an estimated 50,000] of people who came to hear my speech. President Reagan should take this into account. Any military option would be met with the armed resistance of the entire people. The other message is that Nicaragua is willing to live up to the peace accord.


**On whether Nicaragua is playing for time.** That idea is unfounded. Look at the facts. The measures we announced yesterday are proof. The amnesty and the lifting of the state of emergency will not be determined by us, but by the international verification commission that has been set up by the Arias accord.

**On possible amnesty for former national guardsmen.** We have stuck firmly to the position that the amnesty does not cover Somoza's guardsmen. They are not covered because they committed notorious crimes.

**On future progress.** So far, there has been an overall advance. The Central American governments still have disagreements, and sometimes we make statements that make it sound as if the whole agreement is going down the drain. But the desire for peace once again wins out.



The First Couple in Managua

A man in a yellow jacket and blue jeans walks a large, shaggy brown dog on a sandy beach. The ocean and a cloudy sky are in the background.

## After two heart attacks, Geoff Kimball took steps to save his life.

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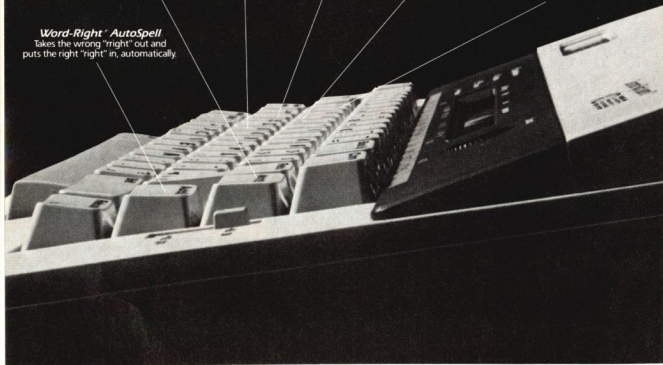
You just confused "right" with "write."

## **Thesaurus**

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## **Word Count™**

Stop being so "nice."  
You've used that word 10 times.



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## World

# Nicaragua: At War With Itself

*A revolution still in search of a lasting purpose*



The stout pine coffin containing the body of Miguel Sotomayor Urbina was brought out of the family's wooden shack and carried through the dusty streets of Managua's Villa Cuba neighbor-

hood. There was no honor guard and no red-and-black flag draped over the coffin, as there usually is for young conscripts killed in action against the U.S.-backed *contras*. And the cortege, passing beneath flowering cassia trees, headed not for the military cemetery but for an overgrown burial ground on the banks of a rubbish-strewn gully. "He hadn't wanted to go, and dodged the draft for months before he was caught," said José Manuel Alvares, a family friend. "This is the family's way of protesting his call-up."

As the coffin was lowered into the earth, the protest grew more volatile. "You sons of bitches are killing us like dogs!" yelled a tearstained palbearer, pointing his finger at an official of the local Sandinista defense committee. "Just leave us alone."

The outburst was steeped in the emotion of the moment, but it seemed a cry from the heart of a confused and unhappy country, where the promise of the revolution is depreciating as rapidly as Nicaragua's plummeting currency. Whether the country has been let down by the revolution or, as some would argue, the revolution has been let down by the country, Nicaragua today seems to be a betrayal of all the earnest vows swapped in the sticky July heat of 1979 when Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle was finally toppled.

In a country where independent opinion polls have been banned since 1981, any estimates of how many Nicaraguans still support the government are suspect. Yet there is growing evidence that the revolution is down to the hard core of its constituency and still losing friends. "The Sandinistas came to power with the support of 80% to 90% of the population," says a Nicaraguan intellectual who was once a fervent believer. "Now they would have to scrape to come up with 40%." The draft and 1500% inflation are eroding the bedrock of support in poor neighborhoods like Villa Cuba. "They have taken all our rights, even the right to toilet paper," says a



Wages of battle: the body of Miguel Sotomayor Urbina is carried through the streets of Villa Cuba



Wages of inflation: a 20-córdoba bill changed into 20,000, but millionaires can't make ends meet



Wages of discontent: anti-Sandinistas demonstrating in Managua under the newly relaxed rules

## World

20-year-old draft dodger, referring to frequent shortages of basic commodities. "People are tired of their empty slogans and want change."

Those who still believe in the slogans see their faith tested daily. By every economic measure imaginable, the country has become considerably poorer since 1979. The purchasing power of the average person with a job has declined to less than 20% of what it was in 1980. Food and fuel are tightly rationed. A few weeks ago the gas allowance, obtained with coupons bearing a portrait of Che Guevara, was cut from 20 to 17 gal. a month. Earlier this year, the government-subsidized rice ration was reduced to 1 lb. a person a month, down from 5 lbs. three years ago. "A pound of rice might feed a small family for a day," complains José Romero Arana at Managua's sprawling outdoor Eastern Market. "What are we supposed to eat for the rest of the month?" Even some of the revolution's early gains in health care are vanishing. "Medicine is supposed to be free," says Maria Arriaga Castilla, nursing a baby in her arms near the town of Ocotal. "But you have to wait so long to see a doctor, and the right drugs aren't always to be found."

While the government blames the war for its economic ills, many Nicaraguans blame a centralized economy modeled after the Soviet system. Though Managua controls only 40% of the economy, prices and wages in the private sector are also set by the Sandinistas. The Soviet Union has underwritten most of the direct costs of the war against the *contras*, but it has been less willing to fill what might be called the Micawber Gap, the expanding gulf between income and expenditure. Exports have fallen from \$636 million in 1977 to an estimated \$230 million this year. Imports have remained fairly constant at about \$750 million a year. One result of the trade imbalance: Nicaragua's foreign debt has risen from \$1.6 billion when the Sandinistas came to power to more than \$6 billion. Moscow, in a move seen as signaling its concern over Nicaragua's growing inability to pay its way, has announced a cutback in oil deliveries of nearly 10%.

Meanwhile, the bureaucracy grows only more cumbersome. Nicaraguans complain about having to be screened by their local Sandinista defense committee before they can even apply for a driver's license or passport. "We need a visa to leave the country," says Maria Fernández Bermúdez, on the way to visit relatives in Costa Rica. "And then we need permis-

sion to return again. Imagine having to get a visa to return to your own country."

Glimpses of daily life like this invite comparisons to Poland or Czechoslovakia, Angola or Ethiopia, Libya or Iran. It is a question of style as much as of substance, and the style is apparent upon arrival at Managua's Sandino Airport. The traveler is confronted by immigration officers in high, completely enclosed wooden booths with thick glass windows and heavy curtains. Out of sight, the officer rustles mysteriously through what seems to be a thick book. Then he appears to scribble furiously for a minute or two. After a final scrutiny of the traveler's face, the passport is pushed back. "Welcome to Nicaragua," says the officer, hitting a

many exchange rates that a visitor sometimes feels trapped in a hall of mirrors. For external debt, the rate is 70 córdobas to the dollar. The official rate for visitors is 9,500 córdobas to the dollar, while the flourishing black-market rate is up to 18,000. A briefcase is needed to collect the exchange on a \$100 bill—unless the exchange is in small-denomination notes, when a suitcase might be more useful. "The Sandinistas have made all of us millionaires," jokes a vendor at the Masaya bus terminal in Managua, pocketing a 5,000-córdoba bill for two lemonades. "The trouble is, even millionaires can't make ends meet here."

Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra occasionally tries to reconcile his rhetoric with the spirit of the Guate-

mala accord, but the message is not always clear. FORWARD WITH THE FRONT, shouts the party's official 1987 slogan from billboards and walls around Managua. HERE NO ONE SURRENDERS. The government has in fact surrendered some ground since signing the peace agreement, but the real issues at the root of the conflict have not been addressed. Nicaragua is at war with itself, as it has been before in a history as violent as the tropical storms that sweep across the isthmus. It is not just a war in the mountains between guerrillas and soldiers, but a much larger struggle among Nicaraguans over the destiny



**Amputees who lost limbs to land mines pose at the Aldo Chavarria hospital in Managua**  
*A history as violent as the tropical storms that sweep across the isthmus.*

switch that opens the electronically operated exit doors. If the Sandinistas do not admit to being Communists or Marxists, they certainly understand the etiquette.

The ride from the airport to downtown Managua calls to mind those almost forgotten revolutions in Africa, from Angola through Zaïre, where the rhetoric has marched quickly away from reality. An aging Chevrolet Impala with a cracked windshield and an oil light that glows menacingly in the dark rattles down a potholed road. Bouncing headlights pick out clumps of stoic people waiting for buses that arrive infrequently and full. The bus fleet, local wisdom has it, has almost been run off the road because its mechanics are employed fixing the army's Soviet T-54 tanks. Many people resort to walking, and after dark, shadowy figures fill ghostlike through a heavy shroud of exhaust fumes created by engines vigorously protesting the shortage of spare parts.

The fare for the 20-minute ride is just under \$10 but involves counting out 80 1,000-córdoba notes. The government's measures to cope with inflation include printing three additional zeros on its 20-córdoba bills in order to provide a denomination of some practical use. There are so

of their country.

The Sandinistas, by calling upon the Reagan Administration to disband the *contras*, are behaving just like the Somozas and the clutch of tyrants and oppressors before them who always looked to Washington for a solution to their problems. "We'll talk to the circus owner and not the clowns," Ortega has said when asked why he will not deal directly with the *contras*. Though he modified that stance last week, those words still reflect a profound inability to recognize what the Sandinista-*contra* dispute is all about: a domestic disagreement over the future of the land.

Thus Nicaraguans continue to kill one another, one side getting guns from Moscow, the other side from Washington. Meanwhile, the armored knights of the revolution continue to clank noisily in the halls of power, shouting anti-U.S. epithets. Only last month Tomás Borge, the powerful Interior Minister, told a gathering in Managua that the U.S. was the "enemy of humanity" and vowed never ending battle. As he spoke, several Sentinels of the People's Happiness, as the ministry's police are officially called, stared fixedly ahead.

—By John Borrell/Managua



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Going home: a woman and her child return to a bullet-pocked house in the village of Las Vueltas seven years after fleeing from the civil war

## El Salvador: Riddled with Fear

*A people so terrorized that the wounds may never heal*



When a Jeep Cherokee or a pickup truck with smoked windows approaches the main gate of the University of El Salvador, some students instinctively dart for cover.

Though such vehicles are common in El Salvador's capital, they have gained notoriety as the favored conveyance of right-wing death squads, and occasionally spray the campus with anonymous gunfire. Two months ago the head of the university's employees' union was shoved into a black-windowed truck. He has not been seen since.

The residents of San José Guayabal, a town northeast of the capital, walk several blocks out of their way to avoid a National Guard checkpoint set up near the town plaza. Nearly everyone knows someone who has disappeared or died at the hands of the military, so why risk trouble? In Chalatenango province, near the border with Honduras, the locals stay away from the rutted dirt paths that wind through the green hills. Unwary travelers have lost feet or legs to land mines planted by rebel troops of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front.

These are the realities of today's El Salvador, trapped like Nicaragua in a war against itself that has left people so terrorized and divided that it may be impossible ever to heal the rift. Ask anyone what the country needs most, and the answer comes quick as a rifle's report: peace. But peace has many last names. President José Napoleón Duarte and his U.S. supporters declare that they want peace with democracy. The armed forces vow to accept only peace with national security. And the Marxist-led F.M.L.N. says its goal is peace with freedom from U.S. interference. A former government official despairs of ending the war. "This is a coun-

try that is never going to be at peace with itself," he says. "In El Salvador, peace is a bastard child."

It all seemed so promising four years ago. The Notre Dame-educated Duarte had just defeated Roberto d'Aubuisson, an ex-army major who was widely linked with death-squad killings. Duarte opened talks with the F.M.L.N., promised to investigate alleged army massacres of civilians and create new jobs. "Imagine," says one of the country's religious educators, "if Abraham Lincoln came back and ran for President of the United States. That's the kind of expectation some people had of Duarte."

Today, more than halfway through his five-year term, Duarte is widely perceived as a failure. The war drags on, random killings continue, the government is pockmarked with corruption. Even Duarte's loyalty to the U.S., which this year will supply \$700 million in military, economic and disaster aid, has become a political liability. During a visit to the White House last month, Duarte kissed the American flag. Salvadorans viewed the gesture as symbolic of their dependence on American largesse.

There is good reason to believe that the bulk of U.S. relief is not reaching those who need it most. Nowhere is the disparity in wealth more apparent than in the San Francisco neighborhood of the capital, where huge houses sit behind electrified barbed-wire fences. These are the homes of the wealthy landowners and businessmen who pulled most of the strings of power before the military coup of 1979. They shop at U.S.-style malls on the Boulevard de Los Héroes, favor the Mercedes-Benz SL and try to overlook the rat's nest of tin and cardboard huts that besmirches their view of a nearby hillside.

The shantytown, known as Fortaleza, teems with an ever growing population of

abandoned women and children. Some are widows, like the one who two months ago, unable to provide enough food, poisoned her children, then herself. Others tell of husbands, brothers and fathers who offended a soldier or national guardsman. Sometimes the bodies were found; more often they were consigned to the black hole of statistics known as "the disappeared."

Critics of the army concede that its human rights record has improved, largely because of U.S. pressure. But, says a church worker in Morazán, "they don't have to kill as many people as they used to. The occasional body turns up, and everyone gets the message: 'We're still here, still watching you.'"

In the countryside the fear seems palpable. In Piedra Labrada, a village in Cuscatlán, guardsmen opposed a meeting to form an agricultural cooperative. The get-together took place anyway. The next morning, an 18-year-old boy who had attended was found dead. Only three people turned out for the next meeting. Human rights groups focus on atrocities by the armed forces, but the F.M.L.N. is also guilty of abuses. In April two men in the village of La Periquera were executed by the guerrillas for failing to pay a "war tax." In another town, the F.M.L.N. announced it would execute the mayor for supposed complicity with the army. The mayor could not be found, so his brother was killed instead.

For Duarte, the Guatemalan peace accord represented a chance to repair his country. But even Duarte's friends now concede that he may not be up to the job. As the power brokers pursue their separate visions of peace, ordinary men and women look on helplessly. Meanwhile, the Jeeps and trucks with blackened glass cruise the streets, most carrying only motorists seeking respite from the glaring sun. But the people of El Salvador have learned to fear anything they cannot see.

—By John Moody/San Salvador

## World

SOVIET UNION

### Lifting the Veil on History

*In a key speech, Gorbachev blasts Stalin and lauds Khrushchev*

Lenin's white statue seemed to gaze down expectantly on Mikhail Gorbachev as the Soviet leader walked to the podium of the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses, opened a thick folder and began his 2-hr, 41-min. speech. Between Lenin and Gorbachev lay seven decades of Soviet history, much of it officially ignored or obfuscated—and nearly all of it haunted by the ghost of Joseph Stalin. But Gorbachev had insisted there should be no "blank pages" in his country's past. Now, in an address marking the 70th anniversary of the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution, he had an ideal occasion to demonstrate the *glasnost* (openness) that has become a watchword of his 31 months in power. What he revealed instead was the limits of *glasnost* and the cautious path he must tread between foot-dragging conservatives and impatient reformers within the Communist Party leadership.

Gorbachev did, however, fill in a few of Soviet history's most troubling blanks. Not since Nikita Khrushchev's now famous secret speech to the 20th Party Congress in 1956 had a Soviet leader so emphatically denounced the atrocities of the Stalin era—particularly the terror-filled 1930s, when millions of citizens were arrested or summarily executed, or starved to death as a result of forced collectivization. Declared Gorbachev: "The guilt of Stalin and his immediate entourage before the party and the people for the wholesale repressive measures and acts of lawlessness is enormous and unforgivable. This is a lesson for all generations." Yet Gorbachev tempered his criticism by noting "Stalin's incontestable contribution to the struggle for socialism," and seemed to diminish the extent of Stalin's crimes by numbering his victims in the thousands, rather than millions. Nonetheless, Gorbachev took an unprecedented step. Although Khrushchev had attacked Stalin's legacy with far more passion and detail 31 years earlier, his speech was never published in the Soviet Union; Gorbachev's was carried live on nationwide radio and television.

In other ways too, Gorbachev cracked open new windows in the previously impenetrable wall of Soviet history. He partly restored the reputation of Khrushchev, who died in disgrace 16 years ago, following

his ouster in 1964. "It required no small courage of the party and its leadership, headed by Nikita Khrushchev, to criticize [Stalin's] personality cult and its consequences and to re-establish socialist legality," Gorbachev told the 5,000 Soviet officials and foreign dignitaries assembled before him in the cavernous modern hall. Khrushchev, who tried to launch decentralizing reforms similar to Gorbachev's, had not been publicly named by a Soviet leader in more than two decades.

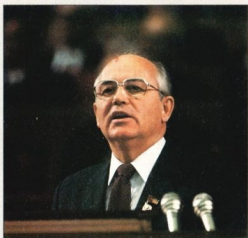
Gorbachev cited other historical "nonpersons." Leon Trotsky, an ally of Lenin's who was exiled by Stalin and assassinated by a Soviet agent in 1940, received a brief mention—but only as a power-hungry schemer "who always vacillated and cheated." More fortunate was Nikolai Bukharin, another close Lenin aide who ran afoul of Stalin and was executed as a spy in 1938. Gorbachev credited Bukharin, who supported Lenin's free market-oriented New Economic Policy and opposed forced collectivization, with

helping to frustrate Trotsky's ambitions. Yet Gorbachev felt compelled to cite Lenin's reservations about Bukharin's ideological purity. On that point, as in his unabashed defense of the Kremlin's infamous 1939 pact with Hitler, Gorbachev showed there are limits on how far even he would stray from official versions of Soviet history.

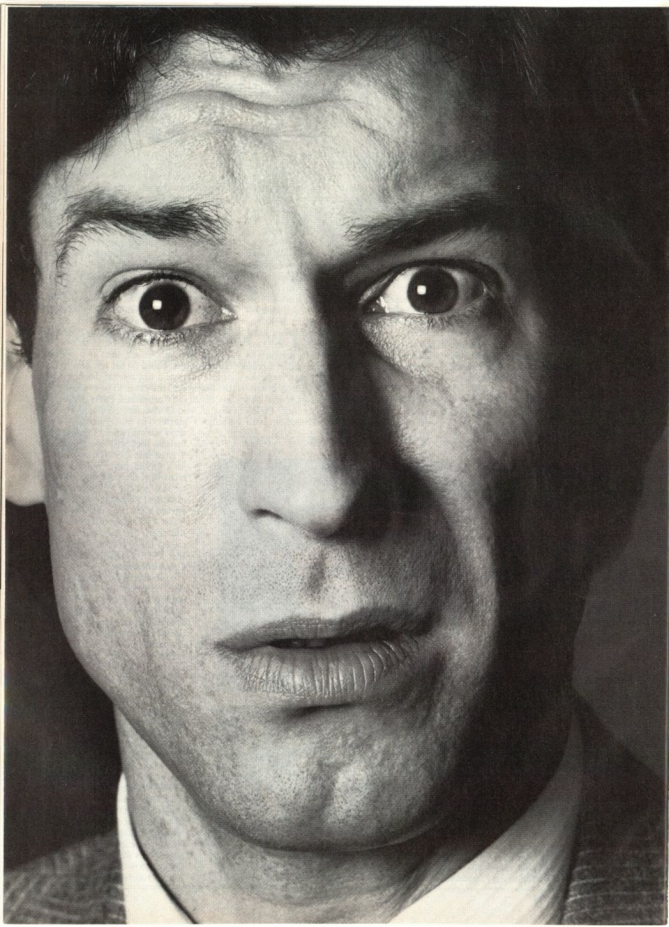
The speech was a letdown to some reform-minded Soviets who had been hoping for a more thorough, hard-hitting appraisal of the party's past mistakes. "I was very disappointed," said Mathematician Naum Meiman, 76, one of the country's most prominent dissidents. "The speech was the result of a compromise between Gorbachev and others in the leadership who are against a true evaluation of Stalin's role." Fellow Dissident Physicist Andrei Sakharov told callers after the address that "not everything satisfied me," adding, "I would have expected, and I hoped for, more." There were indications, in fact, that more would be forthcoming. Gorbachev announced that two special commissions would be set up, one to examine facts and documents dealing with the Stalin era, the other to re-evaluate the history of the Communist Party. It was essential, said Gorbachev, to face up to the "painful matters in our history." Two

days later a panel of Soviet historians met with journalists to discuss his call for a franker look at the past. While it was clear that the party would continue to set the ground rules for historical research, the scholars agreed that the veil was being lifted on many subjects. One member of the panel even called for a reconsideration of the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Gorbachev's overall caution reflected the delicate balancing act he must perform to keep the party's conservative and liberal factions in line. Internal party tensions flared up dramatically at an Oct. 21 meeting of the policy-setting Central Committee, details of which subsequently surfaced in the Western press. On that occasion, Moscow Party Leader Boris Yeltsin, 56, a nonvoting member of the Politburo and a close Gorbachev ally, reportedly complained that bureaucratic foot dragging was frustrating his reform efforts in the capital and offered to resign. Politburo Ideologist Yegor Ligachev, 66, a leading conservative who has sought to restrain the pace of reform, replied with sharp criticism of Yeltsin's management. Yeltsin is expected to make a speech this week at a meeting of the Moscow party; whether or not he receives a vote of confi-



The Soviet leader begins to fill in some of the blank pages, including those featuring Khrushchev and Bukharin



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**Income Protection**

## World

dence from the group should give a good indication of his fate. A final decision on Yeltsin's resignation may be made by the Politburo later in the week.

Many Western analysts saw Gorbachev's speech as a pragmatic compromise between these two wings. "Gorbachev has been made to walk a fine line," said Marshall Goldman, associate director of Harvard University's Russian Research Center. "The conservatives have said he's gone too far, while the reformers say he's not gone far enough. He's not able to do anything innovative at this point. The speech is an indication that he's had to scale back his plans for reform." Princeton University Political Scientist Stephen Cohen, however, called Gorbachev's performance a "major speech" that "attacked the entire mythology of Stalin." Said Cohen: "Gorbachev showed that he is absolutely defiant, but embattled. He's protecting himself because he's regarded by his critics as a zealot. But he didn't take a step backward."

Although most attention focused on Gorbachev's treatment of the past, he also included some significant remarks about the present. Announcing a potentially dramatic shift in Moscow's relations with its East bloc satellites, Gorbachev declared that "all [Communist] parties are completely and irreversibly independent." He stressed this point again in an address to foreign delegates two days later, renouncing the "arrogance of omniscience" that he said had formerly governed Moscow's ties with its Communist allies. Gorbachev's statements appeared to rescind the so-called Brezhnev Doctrine, proposing intervention in defense of socialist regimes, that was used to justify the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

**T**he Soviet leader reiterated his commitment to the planned superpower summit in Washington next month and served notice on the Reagan Administration that he will demand tangible results from both that meeting and a projected Moscow summit in 1988. Insisting on "more than merely a continuation of discussion," Gorbachev called for a "palpable breakthrough" in strategic-arms reductions and in "barring weapons from outer space"—a reference to the Reagan Administration's Strategic Defense Initiative. There have been recent indications, however, that the Soviets might soften their die-hard opposition to space-based defenses in favor of gaining some predictability about how and when such systems might be deployed. Having held fast on that issue last month while Gorbachev first refused, then agreed to set a summit date, the Reagan Administration just may find a new practicality in the Kremlin. After all, if the Soviets are becoming less self-conscious about their past, they might also be more flexible about the future. —*By Thomas A. Sanction.*

Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow and Nancy Traver/Washington

TUNISIA

## Defeat of the Supreme Combatant

*Bourguiba, in power 31 years, is ousted by his Prime Minister*

**S**hortly after sunrise last Saturday, Tunisians flipping on their radios heard startling news. The regime of Habib Bourguiba, ruler of Tunisia since the country gained its independence from France in 1956 and President-for-Life since 1975, had come to an abrupt end. After carrying out a bloodless takeover in the predawn hours, Prime Minister Zine al Abidine ben Ali took to the airwaves at 6:30 to declare that Bourguiba, 84, had been ousted. Citing a constitutional provision allowing the President to be removed if he is incapacitated, the Prime Minister claimed that a team of seven doctors had examined Bourguiba, who suffers from arteriosclerosis



Before the fall: the aging President

*A sad finish to a remarkable career.*

and Parkinson's disease, and found him unfit to govern.

As Ben Ali was speaking, security forces surrounded the bleached white presidential palace next to the ancient ruins of Carthage. Though there were rumors that Bourguiba had been spirited out of the capital, officials insisted he remained cloistered in the palace. However, two Cabinet ministers were arrested, and some of the President's closest associates, including his powerful niece Saida Sassi and his son Habib Bourguiba Jr., were said to be under house arrest. No violence or resistance to the coup was reported.

Ben Ali, 51, is best known to Tunisians as the Interior Minister who led this year's crackdown on Islamic fundamentalists, which resulted in more than 2,000 arrests. In September seven militants were sentenced to death and 69 to jail terms for trying to overthrow Bourguiba's

regime. In early October Ben Ali, a former army general, was named Prime Minister in what was regarded as a signal that the tough stance would continue.

Despite his reputation as a hard-liner, the new President immediately set a moderate tone. In his radio broadcast Ben Ali stressed the need for democratic reform, saying, "The age in which we live can no longer permit either presidency for life nor automatic succession as head of state. Our people are worthy of a developed and institutionalized political life." He pledged to eliminate "favoritism" in the political system, which is dominated by the ruling Destourian Socialist Party.

Bourguiba's ouster was a sad finish to a remarkable career. He led his country to independence without the bloodshed that accompanied the French withdrawal from neighboring Algeria. Deeply pro-Western, he succeeded in transforming Tunisia from an underdeveloped backwater into one of the most prosperous nations in Africa. But in recent years the "supreme combatant," as he was known, had become increasingly impulsive and autocratic. Amid a worsening economic crisis, he refused to take steps to ensure an orderly transition, despite his deteriorating health. He banned opposition parties and dissolved trade unions. Last year he divorced his wife of 24 years, Wassila, and sacked his longtime Prime Minister, Mohammed Mzali. He constantly reshuffled his government, dismissing aides and then reversing himself.

Schooled as an electrical engineer, Ben Ali received military training in France and in the U.S. Director of military security from 1958 to 1974, he became Interior Minister in 1986. According to Western diplomats, Ben Ali shrewdly avoided becoming a victim of Bourguiba's purges by convincing the President of his loyalty. "He managed to cultivate that 'I am your son' image," said one diplomat. Starting last summer, Ben Ali gave speeches to the party faithful in an attempt to build support and shed his reputation as a military man.

As pro-Western as Bourguiba, Ben Ali may discover that his promise to restore political freedoms will be difficult to keep. His main challenge will be Islamic fundamentalism, the chief opposition movement in the country. Ben Ali displayed sound judgment when he reportedly intervened to prevent mass executions of the militants convicted in September. "He recognizes the danger of going too far," said one Western diplomat. An acknowledgment of limits will be an asset if Ben Ali is to succeed as the second President of the troubled North African nation.

—*By Michael S. Serrill.*

Reported by Scott MacLeod/Cairo



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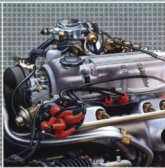
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## World Notes



South Africa: Mbeki hugs his lawyer

### SOUTH AFRICA

## Freedom For a Holdout

In the 23 years since they received life sentences for sabotage, the eight men became potent symbols of black resistance to white minority rule. They were all senior members of the African National Congress, the outlawed anti-apartheid organization. The only white among them was granted clemency in 1985 after agreeing to renounce violence. The rest refused to accept that condition. Last week Govan Mbeki, 77, became the first black in the group to be freed.

Mbeki emerged from his long incarceration unbowed. "The ideas for which I went to jail and for which the ANC stands," he declared, "I still embrace." The next day the government "banned" Mbeki, forbidding the South African press to quote him. Nonetheless, his release could not help fueling speculation that other jailed ANC figures might also be freed—perhaps including Nelson Mandela, the group's guiding spirit.

### HAITI

## Voting with Their Torches

Article 291 of Haiti's new constitution prohibits close associates of the toppled Duvalier



Diplomacy: demonstrators protest U.S. bases in Spain

regime from seeking public office for the next decade. Last week the Provisional Electoral Council invoked that stricture and ruled ineligible twelve of the 35 declared candidates in presidential elections scheduled for Nov. 29. Reaction was swift and violent. Night after night, armed gangs set fire to the electoral council's headquarters in downtown Port-au-Prince, to a store owned by a prominent council member, and to a plant where ballots were being printed. "We are determined to hold elections," declared the Rev. Alain Rocaourt, council treasurer. But, he added, that goal now "may be extremely difficult if not impossible."

### ISRAEL

## Let's Get Physical

In the beleaguered land of Israel, it is sometimes argued that the need to combat terrorism outweighs the niceties of law. The degree to which that view has penetrated official circles was vividly apparent last week. In a report on alleged abuses by Israel's internal-security agency, Shin Bet, a government-appointed commission virtually endorsed limited physical abuse as an interrogation technique.

The commission was impaneled last May after the Supreme Court freed a Muslim army officer who had

been imprisoned for seven years on the basis of perjured testimony by Shin Bet agents. The three-man panel condemned Shin Bet's habit of lying in court but agreed that "moderate" physical and psychological coercion is necessary to extract information. "The view prevails that there is an unavoidable need to use physical pressure in interrogations," the commission concluded.

### DIPLOMACY

## Will Planes in Spain Remain?

Six times since July 1986, Spanish and U.S. negotiators have sat down to work out a new arrangement for U.S. bases, and six times they have failed. So when the seventh round of talks began last week, further stalemate seemed all but certain. Indeed, at the end of the session, Spanish officials announced they would not "automatically renew" the current military treaty. That means a new pact will have to be worked out by next May or the U.S. will be forced to abandon installations it has occupied since 1953.

At issue are three air bases, a naval station and other facilities maintained by 12,000 American troops. Of special concern is the Torrejón air base outside Madrid, which houses 72 F-16 fighters assigned to help protect NATO's



France: former Defense Minister Hernu

southern and central flanks. The Spanish want all the F-16s redeployed to some other country. The U.S. has offered to remove one-third of them. Concluded a European diplomat: "The two sides are at a dead end."

### FRANCE

## Déjà Vu All Over Again


French voters were savoring a U.S.-style scandal last week: allegations of secret arms sales to Iran, cover-ups and illegal use of misbegotten funds. According to a government report leaked to the daily *Le Figaro*, President Francois Mitterrand and former Defense Minister Charles Hernu, both Socialists, were aware of the arms shipments.

At the center of the fuss was a French government report alleging that a Bourges munitions firm, Luchaire, sold some 500,000 artillery shells worth \$120 million to Tehran between 1983 and 1986. The alleged deal violated a government embargo against military aid to Iran. The report, written by the army controller-general, claims that Mitterrand and Hernu knew of the illicit sales as early as 1984 and did nothing to stop them. The report charges that Mitterrand's Socialist Party may have taken kickbacks worth about \$500,000 to look the other way.

## Economy & Business

# Looking the Other Way

*The U.S. lets its currency take a steep dive*

 At first the strategy was purely a matter of debate and speculation. It was the question of the decade. What would the Government do to prevent Black Monday from turning into Bleak '88? Now, less than a month after the stock-market crash, the Reagan Administration's plan has emerged in sharp relief. The main objective: avoid a 1988 recession at almost any cost. That means encouraging the Federal Reserve to pour money into the economy and reduce interest rates. But in doing so, the Administration has had to make a sacrifice, the U.S. dollar. Treasury Secretary James Baker, the chief architect of the plan, maintains that any additional attempt to prop up the dollar with relatively high interest rates could choke the economy and further devastate the stock market.

Yet to allow an already weak dollar to fall still further, even though most economists agree it is inevitable, is a dangerous move that will carry a whole new set of economic risks. In the short run, a dollar lacking firm U.S. support could spin out of control; over the longer haul, its eroded purchasing power could reignite inflation. In an interview last week with the *Wall Street Journal* in which he acknowledged the new policy and sent the dollar plunging to new lows, Baker said, "I don't think we're out of the woods yet. I think markets are still fragile."

To shore up the markets and keep the dollar from diving too far, the Administration must achieve two other goals of its complex strategy—a major budget-deficit reduction and better economic-policy coordination with West Germany and Japan. On those two fronts came small but potentially significant victories last week. Congressional leaders and Administration officials reached an apparent breakthrough in their special deficit-cutting summit, in which they have been struggling for two weeks to compromise on a minimum of \$23 billion in reductions. For the first time, Republican leaders came up

with a proposal containing tax increases that President Reagan gave hints he might accept. It was, declared Republican Congressman Trent Lott of Mississippi, a "bold stroke. Fair, simple, direct."

Meanwhile, the Administration won at least a symbolic victory in its efforts to persuade West Germany to spur its economy. The standoff between Baker and his West German counterpart, Finance Minister Gerhard Stoltenberg, eased slightly, aided by an announcement from the German central bank that it would cut two of its less important interest rates. If Bonn were to follow up on that step and reduce its prime interest rates, there would be less pressure on the dollar. Reason: the greenback has been declining because U.S. interest rates have lately been falling in comparison with those of West Germany and other countries. Moreover, lower interest rates could stimulate Germany's appetite for American products and thus help reduce the troublesome U.S. trade deficit.

Surprisingly, the dollar's dip did not unduly upset Wall Street, where the wild swings of recent weeks moderated considerably. The stock market seemed relieved that the Government would not defend

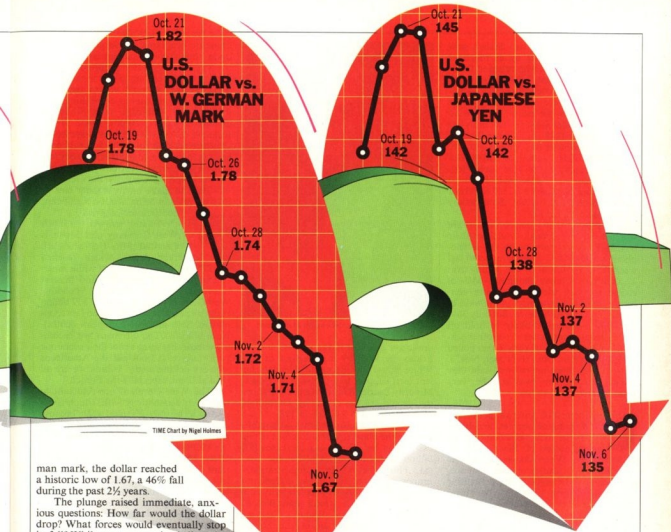


the dollar with higher interest rates. Indeed, the new accommodative posture of the Federal Reserve enabled major banks last week to reduce their prime lending rate by a quarter of a percentage point, to 8.75%, a full point lower than the pre-crash level at some institutions. While the Dow Jones industrial stock average fell 34.48 points during the week, to close at 1959.05, its newfound stability seemed to give reassurance to investors.

The currency markets, by contrast, were chaotic. The dollar plummeted as low as 134.4 yen during Tokyo trading Friday, the U.S. currency's lowest level of the postwar era. The dollar has now fallen more than 5% vs. the yen since mid-October and fully 48% from its peak in February 1985. Against the West Ger-



**Money traders toil in Tokyo as the greenback falls to a postwar low against the yen**



man mark, the dollar reached a historic low of 1.67, a 46% fall during the past 2½ years.

The plunge raised immediate, anxious questions: How far would the dollar drop? What forces would eventually stop its fall? While most economists believe the currency must decline at least a further 10% to help ease the trade deficit, they are concerned that the descent may be difficult to control. Said a former Treasury official: "Baker is playing high-stakes Texas poker." Says Economist Charles Schultze of the Brookings Institution: "We do not get a stable dollar by snapping our fingers. We are playing a very chancy game."

It may be the only game in town. Virtually everyone concurs that the Fed's pouring of liquidity into the marketplace is the best short-term tonic for preventing the stock-market crash from turning into a general economic slump. In fact, many economists blame Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan for helping set the stage for Black Monday by tightening up in the first place, when he led the board in a decision in September to raise the so-called discount rate, which the Fed charges on loans to financial institutions, from 5.5% to 6%. At the time, the Reserve Board was aiming to quash inflationary pressures that it sensed were creeping up.

Once the crash occurred, however, Greenspan promptly changed course. "He managed to turn on a dime," says Jerry Jasinowski, chief economist for the National Association of Manufacturers.

Greenspan's switch in policy may have been even more wrenching than it appeared, because it represented an abrupt departure from a tighter-money direction endorsed in March by his revered predecessor as Fed chairman, Paul Volcker. Says Steven Roberts, former assistant to Volcker and now an economist for the accounting firm of Peat Marwick: "Comparing Greenspan to Volcker is natural but misguided. Volcker had spent most of his career as a central banker. Greenspan has to learn what it means to be a central banker, and he is doing quite well."

Greenspan's lot may be even tougher than Volcker's was. The new chairman must fend off a recession by keeping interest rates low, but he will come under excruciating pressure to raise them again if the dollar needs rescuing. Any little upward nudge in interest rates, however, is likely to send the stock market into the tank again. When the Fed's open market committee met last week for the first time since the crash, some economists hoped the group might rescind September's discount-rate increase. But no such announcement came. One reason may be

that the committee has too little information so far about Black Monday's effect on the economy. Without solid proof that growth is imperiled, the Fed is probably reluctant to announce a dollar-endangering drop in the discount rate.

One survey of 35 economists last week predicted that the economy will expand at a humdrum 2.8% annual rate during the last half of 1987 and a sluggish 1.4% in the first half of 1988. While that is a definite slowdown, it is not quite a dead halt. A few economists, however, predict a recession. Among them is Irwin Kellner, chief economist for Manufacturers Hanover, the New York City banking company, who thinks the U.S. economy will shrink by 2% in the first half of 1988 before quickly recovering.

Economists have kept a sharp eye on consumers to see whether they have become cautious and tightfisted, but the evidence so far is hazy. Last week domestic automakers reported a brisk 10.8% increase in passenger-vehicle sales during the last ten days of October, compared with the same period last year. Those customers, however, may be people who had already intended to buy a car and went ahead with those plans in spite of

Black Monday. Many car dealers now say business is slowing by as much as 30%. Major retailers, who released October sales figures last week, mostly say business has proceeded at the same sluggish pace they were experiencing before the crash. Sears, for example, reported that October sales were up 1% from the same month in 1986, an increase that did not keep pace with the current 5% rate of inflation. Last week the Labor Department reported that the unemployment rate during October inched upward to 6% from September's 5.9%, which supported contentions that the economy has slowed only slightly.

Polls seem to show that consumers are worried, but not enough to change their buying behavior very much. In a telephone survey of 800 adults conducted last week for E.F. Hutton by the polling firm Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, 66% of consumers said they were "more concerned about the economy" in the wake of recent financial turbulence. But only 36% said they were more likely to hold off making major purchases. In another survey, in which the *New York Times* polled 1,549 adults from Oct. 29 through Nov. 3, fully 52% of those interviewed said they thought the economy was in either very good or fairly good shape.

Like the rest of America, politicians in Washington seemed less likely to change their behavior patterns as memories of Black Monday drifted away. When congressional and Administration leaders opened their second week of emergency budget-cutting meetings last week, their post-crash burst of bipartisan magnanimity was on the wane. "The worst thing for the summit is stock-market stability. It takes the pressure off," says Economist Schultze.

In fact, the apparent slowdown in the process started to rattle foreign leaders, who fear that a U.S. recession would be contagious. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher sent Reagan a personal letter, urging him to take swift action in the budget summit. A story in the *London Evening Standard* carried the headline YANKEE DOODLE DITHERS.

The budget talks seemed to trip on party lines as soon as the 15 delegates began to discuss particulars. With good reason. The politicians are getting no clear mandate from their constituents. In a *Los Angeles Times* poll of 2,463 adults, 69% of those interviewed agreed that the budget deficit is a serious problem, but an almost equal number, 64%, opposed raising taxes to close it. Moreover, they offered little guidance on how to trim spending. Only 32% wanted to reduce defense outlays, and just 23% approved cutbacks in domestic programs.

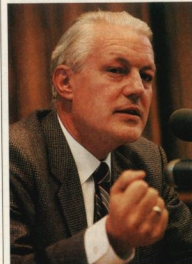
Each day the summeiteers seemed to grow gloomier as they emerged from their secret sessions in Room H-137 of the Capitol, where they huddled over blue tablecloths and scribbled their estimates on yellow legal pads. The President caught flak from Democrats for his alleged fail-



Baker tries to avoid a recession at any cost

ure to get involved in the process, but on Friday he stepped in. Meeting at the White House with Republican leaders, he lent tacit support to a proposal by House Minority Leader Robert Michel of Illinois that would cut the deficit by \$30 billion next year and \$45.5 billion in 1989.

Reagan's encouragement was notable because the plan carries mild doses of the two things he abhors: tax increases (\$8 billion in fiscal 1988) and defense cuts (\$13 billion below the Administration's proposed budget). But those ingredients increase the proposal's palatability for Democrats. "It's a strong contribution. I'm optimistic," said William Gray of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Budget Committee. The committee's deadline for agreeing on a plan is Nov. 20, when \$23 billion in arbitrary cuts, split roughly fifty-fifty between defense and



West Germany's Stoltenberg budgets, a bit  
The "Ice Prince" guards against inflation.

domestic programs, would go into effect under the Gramm-Rudman law.

The Administration achieved a different sort of cooperation earlier in the week, when the West German central bank announced it would, among other things, cut its so-called Lombard rate, which it charges on loans to other German banks, from 5% to 4.5%. While mostly symbolic, that interest-rate cut is the first tiny concession in months to increasing U.S. pressure on the Germans to allow their economy to expand more rapidly. But Germany will have to make much broader cuts in interest rates to bring about a significant acceleration of growth.

Faster growth in both West Germany and Japan is essential if the U.S. is to curb its trade deficit, which reached \$156 billion last year. But while Japan has agreed to cut taxes and interest rates and to boost domestic spending, West Germany, which posted a \$52 billion trade surplus last year, has been less cooperative. Says an irate European central-bank official: "The Germans are becoming unbearably smug about their economic performance. It's not just the Americans who are getting angry. I think we are all mad at them, especially the French."

The West Germans are reluctant to push their economic growth, which is expected to be only 2% next year, because of a deeply ingrained memory of the hyperinflation the country experienced in the 1920s. Says West German Economist Dieter Mertens: "Inflation is regarded by most Germans as on a par with Communist domination and morally equivalent to the work of the devil." Even a rate of 3% or 4% is unacceptably high to Finance Minister Stoltenberg, whose resistance to foreign prodding has earned him the nickname "Ice Prince" among U.S. economic officials. The 59-year-old, white-haired Stoltenberg, the son of a Protestant pastor, is revered in West Germany for his fiscal rectitude, which enabled him to reduce the country's budget deficit by nearly a third, to \$13.1 billion, in five years. Says a West German economist, speaking for the population at large: "Beneath everything, we are all Stoltenbergs."

What may finally have persuaded the Finance Minister to make at least a mild concession on interest rates was the beating that German exporters are taking because of the rise of the mark against the dollar, which makes their products more expensive in the U.S. In an interview last week, Stoltenberg told a West German newspaper, "We now want to cooperate again constructively." One eventual outcome could be a meeting among the finance ministers of the seven major industrial democracies, the so-called G-7 group, to work out a plan to support the dollar at its new, lower level. Indeed, right now the battered currency could use a little help from its friends.

—By Stephen Koopp.

Reported by Rosemary Byrnes/Washington and William McWhirter/Bonn

# The Declining Dollar: Not a Simple Cure

**T**he greenback must continue to fall, say many economists and now the Administration, if the U.S. is to curb its ruinous trade deficit. But no one can argue that such a strategy offers a simple and painless cure for America's economic ills. On the contrary, the perils are enormous and the effectiveness is uncertain. The immediate challenge for the Federal Reserve and the U.S. Treasury is to control the dollar's descent—no easy feat—and prevent a free fall, which would scare off foreign investors, drive up U.S. interest rates and perhaps cause another panic on Wall Street. But even a gradual decline of the dollar is no panacea. It will impose hardships on the U.S. economy that cannot be easily shrugged off, and it may not help nearly as much as Treasury Secretary James Baker and the economists believe.

The theory behind the benefits of a currency devaluation is textbook clear: if the dollar falls, the international prices of U.S. products drop, and foreigners will buy more of them. At the same time, foreign goods become more expensive in the U.S., and Americans will reduce demand for imports. A combination of the two trends will lower the trade deficit.

That, at least, is the theory. In practice, the mechanisms have been more complex and less effective. Since early 1985, the dollar has declined by about 50% against major currencies like the Japanese yen and the West German mark. Yet the U.S. trade deficit is as high as ever. Admittedly, it takes time for consumers and businesses to change their buying habits, and an improvement in the trade balance may be in the pipeline. But several forces are holding the deficit up. For one thing, foreign manufacturers have shown a dogged determination to hold down their U.S. prices to maintain market share, even if it means sacrificing profits. Conversely, many U.S. manufacturers have failed to take advantage of the weaker dollar to sell their products aggressively overseas.

More important, price is not the only factor in international buying decisions. Many U.S. goods simply do not satisfy foreigners' tastes or meet their quality standards; these products will not sell overseas even if they become cheaper. By the same token, American consumers partial to Toyota cars, Krups kitchen appliances, Rossignol skis and Gucci shoes will not easily be discouraged by price rises. In the case of the videocassette recorder, American consumers have no choice but to buy foreign, since U.S. manufacturers do not make the machines. Indeed, as long as the American appetite for imports remains, a perverse effect takes place: as the price of foreign products increases, Americans spend even more dollars for the same volume of goods. Meanwhile, they earn fewer yen, francs and marks for U.S. products that do sell well abroad, like Boeing aircraft and IBM computers. As a result, the trade deficit actually increases in dollar terms.

Even if a prolonged decline of the dollar eventually reduces imports, the side effects will be unpleasant. One is higher inflation: as foreign products become more expensive, many U.S. manufacturers will jump at the opportunity to

raise their prices too. A big danger is that the weak dollar will become a crutch for U.S. companies, undermining their incentive to become more efficient and hold prices down. Beyond that, the bargain-basement dollar, together with lower prices on Wall Street, may make U.S. industry increasingly vulnerable to takeovers by foreign buyers.

The ultimate impact of a continued devaluation will be a slowdown in the growth of American living standards, or an absolute reduction. But that may be the price of having run huge trade deficits year after year. Says Stephen Marris, an economist with the Institute for International Economics in Washington: "We are in a mess. There is no easy way out."

History does not offer much encouragement on the benefits of devaluation. The British pound and Italian lira dropped during much of the 1970s, while the West German

mark and other Continental currencies rose. Yet at the end of the decade West Germany was enjoying a massive trade surplus and manageable inflation. Britain and Italy, meanwhile, languished under trade deficits and double-digit inflation. Sir James Goldsmith, the British financier, witnessed the process firsthand. Warns he: "Like drugs, devaluation gives you a breather, a small kick. Then it becomes an inflationary merry-go-round to hell." Only when Britain began pumping large amounts of North Sea oil in the late 1970s did its fortunes improve.

In contrast, countries with strong currencies have been able to boost their living standards. The mighty mark and yen have been putting a burden on West German and Japanese exporters, but they have responded by holding down costs and becoming more efficient. One reason they can do so is that many of their imported raw materials and components are priced in dollars and have become cheaper. With greater price stability, Japan and Germany face less pressure for wage increases. Despite the strong

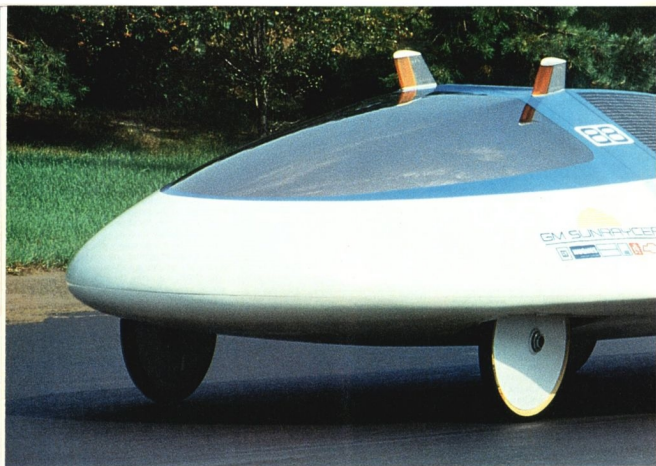
mark, Germany has become the world's leading exporter. Japan is openly contemptuous of the notion that the U.S. can solve its problems through devaluation. Says Johnsen Takahashi, chief economist of the Mitsubishi Research Institute: "Letting the dollar slip now is like spitting up into the sky." Another Japanese economist is equally blunt: "America is no longer in control of its own currency."

If the U.S. is to regain control of its economic destiny, it will have to do far more than let its dollar fall. A weakened dollar is no substitute for forceful action to reduce the budget deficit, which would not only ease demand for foreign capital and imports but show that America had the political will and leadership to put its house in order. Nor will a devaluation remove the need for U.S. manufacturers to improve their quality and efficiency and learn how to promote their products in foreign markets. A gradually declining dollar may be a painful necessity now, but the U.S. should never lose sight of the goal of any prosperous trading nation: to be able to sell abroad and still have a currency strong enough to buy a lot in return.

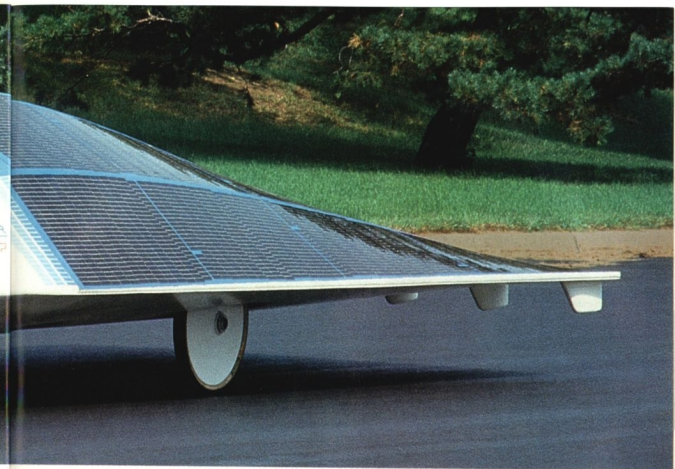
—By Charles P. Alexander



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## THE VISION IS PAYING OFF.

## End of the Comfort Factor

*Mutual funds provide a thin cushion against the crash*



As long as Wall Street was blooming, mutual funds seemed to promise the impossible: a place where cautious people could plant their money, ignore it and let it grow, as safely as in a bank but as fruitfully as in the stock market. Millions of new investors could not resist. Take Charles Jayson. Last year the Manhattan retailing executive bought 510 shares in a stock fund managed by Boston's Fidelity Investments (total assets: \$75 billion). "I wanted to be in the market," says Jayson, 30, "but I wanted something I didn't have to watch every day."

Still, he could not help watching last month as the market withered and the value of his \$8,700 investment fell to \$6,600. "I didn't want to sell," he says. "I didn't want to panic." But he found himself constantly dialing Fidelity to check on his holdings. The line was usually busy. On Oct. 20, the day after Black Monday, Fidelity was fielding six calls a second. "Then it hit me: Why am I acting like this over mutual funds? They're not supposed to be exciting. They're supposed to be dull and safe." Though he did not sell, he is no longer sure his money is secure. Sighs Jayson: "The comfort factor is gone."

For America's 12 million shareholders in stock mutual funds, these are indeed uncomfortable times. Since the market peaked in August, the assets of equity-based mutual funds have fallen 21.1%, from \$234.3 billion to \$185 billion. That was a slightly worse showing than the market as a whole, as measured by the Standard & Poor's Index of 500 stocks, which fell 20.9%. Fidelity's flagship Magellan fund, worth \$12 billion in August, has shed 31% of its value. Pioneer II, a \$4.4 billion fund three months ago, has lost 25%.

Though seasoned investors vowed to wait out the market, many newcomers who had never heard a bear market growl found the sound just too menacing. During the last two weeks of October, shareholders drained a total of \$13 billion out of stock mutual funds. Of that, \$9 billion flowed into money-market funds, which hold Government securities, bank certificates of deposit and other sturdy investments. At Franklin Resources in San Mateo, Calif., redemptions in October reached \$550 million, a level more than three times as high as in a typical month. "It was a stampede," said Monte Gordon, director of research at the Dreyfus group of mutual funds. "Ev-

erybody tried to run out the exit door at the same time."

Not all fund shareholders suffered equally when the market splintered. Though the term mutual fund is used to refer to any basket of investments that shareholders own jointly, some bushels contain more perishable ingredients than others. Hardest hit were people who gambled on high-growth funds made up of over-the-counter stocks in small companies. As the market shuddered, many investors quickly dumped such risky stocks and bought into blue-chip issues. Result: even when Wall Street tried to rally, the small stocks were left far behind. The worst performers among the high-growth funds included 44 Wall Street Equity, which has lost more than half its value since Oct. 15, and Security Omni and Leverage Fund, which each lost at least 38% of their assets. Many of the "sector funds," which focus on a single industry, also turned out to be a bad choice. Funds specializing in leisure-time goods, oil-service companies, electronics and automotive products fell an average of 30% to 40%.

Some equity funds managed to cut their losses because bearish managers had moved away from cyclical stocks, such as steel and tires, and into defensive shares in food and drug companies, which

are less vulnerable in an economic downturn. Some funds that specialize in electric and telephone utilities dropped 12% or less. Other prescient managers had built up their cash reserves, which lowered their exposure to the market and allowed them to pay off any redemptions without being forced to sell stocks at a loss. Says John Neff, who manages the Windsor Fund: "We saw a correction coming, so we had plenty of gunpowder stashed away."

A few savvy fund managers actually came out ahead. The Oppenheimer Ninety-Ten fund rose nearly 8% in the last two weeks of October, largely because it invested in put options, which appreciate when stock prices drop. When the market started to recover, many fund managers began to scoop up bargains. Neff's Windsor Fund, for example, bought \$800 million worth of stocks. "When everyone is panicking and stock values are depressed, of such circumstances are opportunities born," he says. "We are buying aggressively, and we will continue to buy."

**B**ut most mutual-fund companies could not take full advantage of those opportunities. Many exhausted their cash reserves and had to sell stocks or borrow from banks to meet redemptions. Even so, no companies were mortally wounded. Diversification helped large firms like Fidelity, which has 4.7 million accounts in more than 100 different funds. Some 98% of the customers who cashed in shares of Fidelity stock funds merely transferred

the money into the company's other funds, including money-market accounts.

Over the long term, however, such switching could hurt the profitability of the fund companies, since money-market and bond funds bring in lower sales commissions and management fees than stock funds do. Most fund managers hope that investors, after a period of cooling their nerves, will venture back into the stock funds. Says Edward McVey, senior vice president at Franklin Resources: "As soon as people get over the initial trauma of Black Monday, they were calling up to reverse their redemptions." Michael Lipper, president of Lipper Analytical Securities, is not quite so confident. "The panic is over," he says, "but the jury is still out on the comfort factor." Fund companies have already launched a blitz of upbeat ads and letters to shareholders in an effort to convince customers that mutual funds are still a safe and lucrative alternative to the savings account—or the mattress. —By Nancy R. Gibbs, Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Charles Pelton/San Francisco

### LOSING THEIR STUFFING

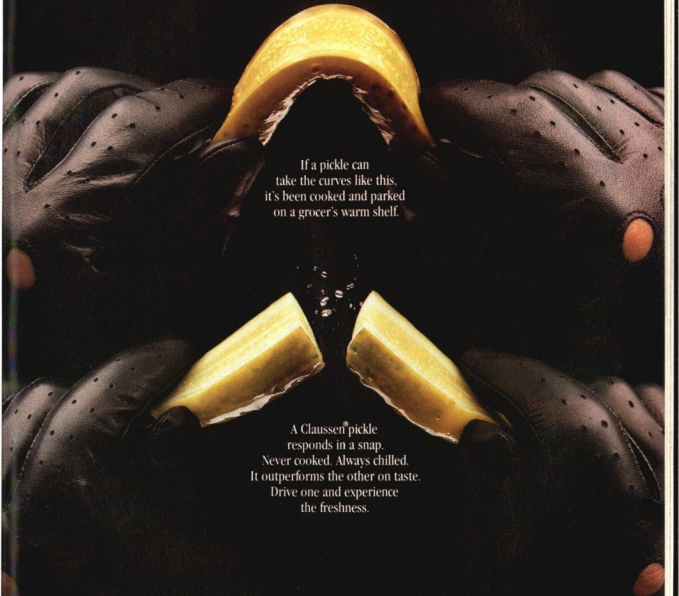
The largest mutual funds in five different categories

Type of fund	Total assets in billions of dollars 10/30/87	Investors' return from 8/20/87 to 10/30/87
<b>Growth</b>		
Fidelity Magellan	\$7.58	-31.23%
Twentieth Century Select	2.36	-28.98%
<b>Growth and Income</b>		
Vanguard Windsor Fund	4.84	-22.77%
Investment Co. of America	4.05	-20.99%
<b>Small-Company Growth</b>		
T. Rowe Price New Horizons	0.84	-35.39%
Fidelity OTC	0.71	-34.21%
<b>Specialized Sectors</b>		
Pru-Bache Utility	1.44	-12.47%
Merrill Lynch Natural Resources	1.29	-33.47%
<b>International</b>		
Fidelity Overseas	1.33	-22.60%
T. Rowe Price International	0.70	-22.97%

Source: Lipper Analytical Services, Inc.

Table compiled by Cynthia Jones

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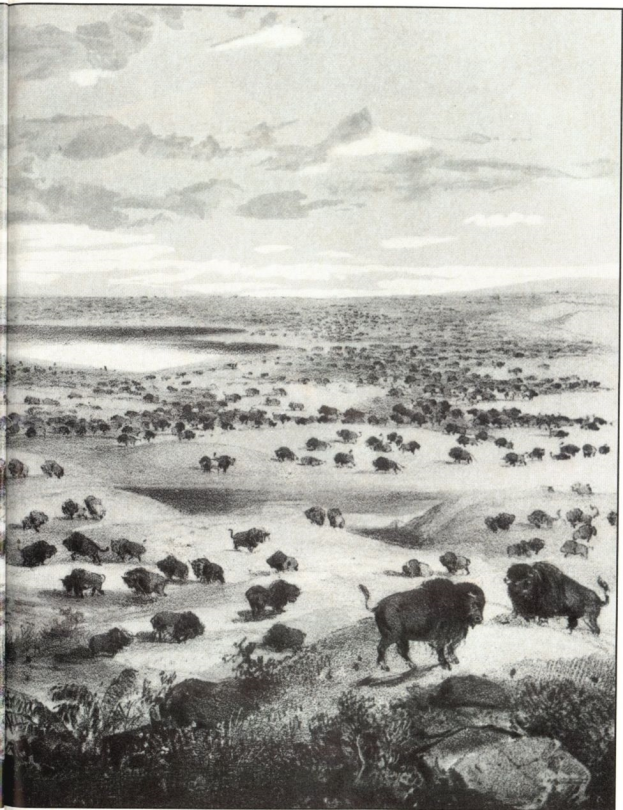
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## Business Notes



Publishing: Author Fedders must pay



Broadcasting: Kermit helped Koppel explain the stock-market crash



Fraud: McConnell is on the lam

### LITIGATION

## Last Stand For Texaco

The document had only six lines of print, but for Texaco its price may run into the billions. The Texas Supreme Court refused to review a \$10.5 billion judgment against the third largest U.S. oil firm. Now Texaco's only avenue of escape is the U.S. Supreme Court.

Texaco has sought relief in the courts ever since a Texas jury ordered the company to pay the fine to Pennzoil in 1985. The jury held that Texaco had illegally enticed Getty Oil to break a merger agreement with Pennzoil. Last April, facing a deadline to post bond for the judgment, Texaco became the largest firm in U.S. history to file for bankruptcy protection. Texaco had offered Pennzoil some \$2 billion as a settlement; Pennzoil demanded more than \$4 billion. Pennzoil's price reportedly has now risen to \$6 billion.

### PUBLISHING

## The Unkindest Cut of All

From the Watergate conspirators to the Mayflower Madam, people have profited from their misdeeds by writing best sellers. But the case of John Fedders represents a bizarre twist in that tradition. Fedders, 46, a

former chief enforcement officer at the Securities and Exchange Commission, resigned in 1985 after admitting in divorce hearings that he had beaten his wife Charlotte. Now she has written a book about that troubled marriage: *Shattered Dreams* (Harper & Row; \$17.95). Yet for all the humiliation the book is bound to bring John Fedders, he stands to benefit. Because the divorce is not final, the court has deemed the book to be community property. According to a preliminary settlement, John will get 25% of Charlotte's royalties.

### BROADCASTING

## Fozzie on the Bear Market

It's not easy being green, but that's nothing compared with explaining the stock-market crash in an entertaining fashion. That is why Ted Koppel, anchor of ABC's *Nightline*, last week called upon Kermit the Frog and a passel of other Muppets to help analyze the crash—and to help keep late-night viewers from falling asleep—in a special three-hour edition of the show.

Chiming in via satellites from Tokyo to Frankfurt were 18 human guests, including Nobel-prizewinning Economists Robert Solow and Milton Friedman, Supply-Sider Arthur Laffer, Corporate Raider Irwin Jacobs, House Budget

Committee Chairman William Gray, Financial Guru Howard Ruff and an assortment of bankers, brokers, psychologists and other experts. Meanwhile, on pretaped segments interspersed through the show, Anchorman Kermit, in blue suit and striped tie, discussed the budget deficit, the national debt and contrarian investing, for example, while Fozzie Bear commented on (what else?) the bear market. Said Koppel: "When I hear the experts talking about the stock market and the economy, my eyes glaze over. But the Muppets are cute and adorable, and they're wonderful educators. They explain complex matters in terms that we can all understand." But when Koppel asked about pork bellies, Miss Piggy stormed off the set.

### TRADE

## No More Cheap Chips

In handling trade disputes with Japan, the Reagan Administration has employed a simple strategy: reward good behavior and punish bad. Last week the White House did both. The President announced a finding that Japan was no longer "dumping" semiconductor chips on world markets at prices lower than production costs. For that reason, he lifted tariffs on an estimated \$84 million worth of imports of several Japanese

electronic products. Reagan imposed the sanctions last April after the Japanese were found to have violated a 1986 agreement not to dump chips. But the White House left in place restrictions on \$164 million worth of Japanese imports because of Tokyo's continued failure to keep another part of the agreement: a pledge to open up its home market to more American-made chips.

### FRAUD

## Hard Times for A Real J.R.

His stellar rise was too good to be true. Only eight years ago Texan J.R. McConnell drove a beat-up Camaro, hawked cameras on street corners and dabbled in real estate. But after a string of deals worthy of *Dallas'* J.R. Ewing, McConnell's jalopy gave way to private jets and limousines, and he became a top Galveston developer.

Now the real J.R. is back on the skids: the FBI has accused McConnell of masterminding the largest title scam in U.S. banking history. The agency alleges that he and five Houston financiers used property they did not own as collateral to secure more than \$162 million worth of loans. A U.S. grand jury has indicted the group in connection with \$4.2 million worth of the loans. Meanwhile, the FBI is after McConnell, who has not been seen publicly for six months.

## Medicine

### A Battle Against Deadly Dust

*Doctors join forces to treat radiation victims in Brazil*

"We are living in a new age of medicine." That was the appraisal last week of Dr. Robert Gale, a UCLA hematologist and veteran of the medical team that treated victims of the Chernobyl nuclear disaster last year. Gale had just returned from Rio de Janeiro, where with an international group of physicians he had spent ten days treating six badly irradiated victims of a bizarre accident in Brazil with an experimental drug called GM-CSF. "When it comes to these disasters," concluded Gale, who will soon return to Rio, "all the handbooks on treatment will have to be rewritten."

Indeed, Brazilian authorities were dealing with the worst known episode of radioactive contamination in the West. In mid-September, a hapless junkyard dealer in Goiânia (pop. 1.2 million), a city about 120 miles southwest of Brasília, had pried open a lead cylinder containing a capsule of radioactive cesium 137, an isotope used for treating cancer. The canister had been sold to him as scrap from an abandoned local medical clinic. During the next six days, more than 200 townspeople were exposed to and at least one even ate the deadly bluish powder before Brazilian officials could contain the contamination.

Days later, Dr. George Selidovkin, a radiation specialist at Moscow's Hospital No. 6 who had been part of the Chernobyl medical team, arrived in Brazil after receiving an urgent plea from the Vienna-based International Atomic Energy Agency. The ten most severely irradiated patients, dressed in protective clothes, gloves, boots and caps, had already been flown aboard a military plane to the Marcellino Dias naval hospital in Rio.

Selidovkin began by examining the patients' blood samples to determine how many of their infection-fighting white blood cells had been destroyed and the extent of genetic damage. By comparing the results to those from previous nuclear accident victims, the Soviet doctor determined that four of the patients had been exposed to about 600 rads, a degree of radiation absorption equivalent to 4,000 chest X rays. Technicians sprayed six of the patients with cold water and scrubbed them with soap to remove any cesium from their skin. In an attempt to cleanse their bodies of any cesium they might have swallowed, the team of doctors fed them an iron compound called Prussian blue, which soaks up cesium and blocks its absorption by the body.

Gale arrived in Rio on Oct. 17. By



Junkyard fallout: Gale watches over patient's progress

then some of the patients' radiation-ravaged bone marrow could not produce sufficient immune cells to fight off ever-present bacteria. Doctors battled soaring fevers, infection and internal bleeding with sophisticated antibiotics and clotting agents. At Chernobyl, Gale and Selidovkin had tried to save severely affected technicians and fire fighters with bone-marrow transplants. The medical team in Rio decided against that surgical tactic, in part because the patients' bone marrow



Screening children for exposure in Goiânia

*All the handbooks will have to be rewritten.*

had not been irreversibly destroyed and because, from the nature of their exposure, some of the sickest patients had become radioactive.

"In Chernobyl, you had a nuclear fire that at the first stage affected the technicians in the plant," noted Selidovkin. "But there was no cesium 137 introduced into their bodies. Here the irradiation was both incorporated and local." Leide das Neves Ferreira, 6, who had eaten a cesium-tainted sandwich, continued to emit 25 rads a day, even after repeated efforts at decontamination. At that rate, the radioactivity in her body was destroying her bone marrow before it could produce white blood cells.

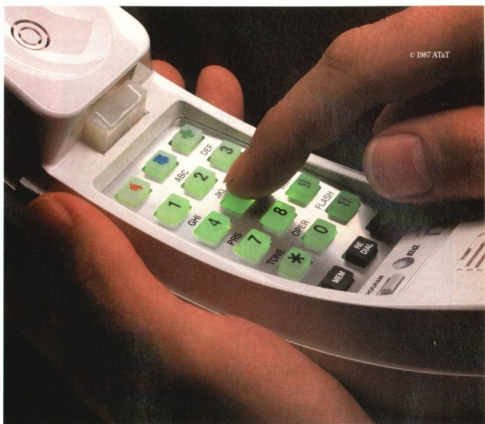
As a result, the doctors decided to try an untested therapy on Leide and five other patients who were likely to die. With Gale's guidance, they attempted to revitalize the irradiated bone marrow. GM-CSF, or granulocyte-macrophage colony-stimulating factor, is one of at least five hormones that boost the production of white blood cells in the marrow. In cancer patients, CSFs seem to offset the deleterious effects of radiation and chemotherapy on the marrow, thus making larger doses safer to use. Gale wondered if the hormones would work the same magic on people who had been accidentally irradiated.

Using special equipment flown in from the U.S., the doctors injected GM-CSF into each patient's vena cava, the central vein that leads to the heart. Within 48 to 72 hours, the white blood cell count increased in five of the six patients, but Leide died before the treatment could be evaluated. Within a week four of the six patients had died, overwhelmed by pneumonia, blood poisoning and hemorrhaging. But the other two seem to be recovering. "I can't be certain that they would have died if they had not got the treatment," Gale says. "But they did respond."

The drama of the radioactive junkyard is far from over. Doctors will watch the survivors closely, particularly for signs of leukemia and skin cancer. The event may have other repercussions as well. Three Mile Island, Chernobyl and Goiânia have all shown that nuclear accidents can happen. Doctors are confident that they can meet medical needs in small incidents. However, larger accidents require more technology and resources than any one country can provide. "It would be irresponsible not to take advantage of what we, the Soviets and the Brazilians have learned," says Gale. "We should pool that knowledge." Grim practice may not make perfect. But it could save lives the next time.

—By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Laura Lopez/Rio de Janeiro and Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles



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# Religion

## A Jerry-Built Coalition Regroups

*Falwell's exit changes the landscape of the Religious Right*

**T**he name was catchy, bold and more than a trifle arrogant, Moral Majority. Rarely has an organization set so many teeth on edge so rapidly. The man who founded this multifield right-wing organization in 1979 was a Fundamentalist of modest renown who was fast on his feet and firm in his convictions. Within a year, the Rev. Jerry Falwell, riding the Reagan tide, had become the most prominent spokesman for the loose coalition known as the Religious Right.

Last week, with the Reagan presidency in deepened shadows, the house that Jerry built was entering a twilight of its own. Falwell abruptly announced that he was resigning as president of Moral Majority and the related Liberty Federation. He expects to continue sounding off on politics, but will shun the organizing and lobbying of the past eight years. Henceforth, declared Falwell, it is "back to preaching, back to winning souls."

A year ago Falwell stated that it was time for him to de-emphasize politics and stick closer to his base in Lynchburg, Va. That intention was deflected when he became emergency overlord of the scandal-pocked PTL ministry, only to quit in frustration last month. Now he will concentrate on building a new \$30 million, 11,000-seat home for his Baptist church, increasing enrollment from 8,000 to 12,000 at his Liberty University and reinvigorating support for his troubled TV program.

The exit of Falwell plainly ends the initial era of the Religious Right and quickens speculation on its prospects in the next phase. Even as Pat Robertson escalates his evangelically inspired presidential bid, recent tidings seem to amount to a threnody of waning influence for the movement. Television ministries have had a particularly rocky time. The *Contribute* or *Else I Die* campaign of Oral Roberts disgusted many Americans as well as his own church, which ruled last month that Roberts' status is not, and never has been, that of a United Methodist clergyman. Above all, the horrendous PTL scandal has harmed the image of TV preachers. And still, PTL's dethroned and defrocked founder, Jim Bakker, struggles to stay onscreen. Last week he was forced to cancel a



The Moral Majoritarian last week at his church

19-city Farewell for Now tour after ticket sales proved nonexistent.

Nor have political events lifted spirits. The 1986 Senate elections were disastrous for the Moral Majority's preferred candidates. Last month's defeat of Robert Bork, an ideal Supreme Court nominee from the movement's standpoint, further suggested a loss of clout. As for issues like abortion and school prayer, Moral Majority spent millions "without achieving one piece of legislation," observes Evangelical

Theologian Carl F.H. Henry. Fundamentalists this year also lost three significant court cases dealing with curriculum grievances against public schools.

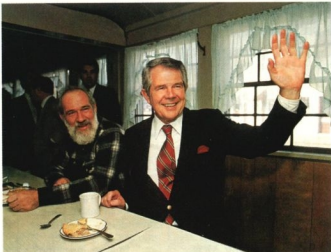
Is the interment of Moral Majority next? Falwell stoutly pronounces the organization in sound shape, with annual revenues of \$8.4 million and a mailing list of 6 million names. But it is not likely to be as visible a part of the landscape under Falwell's anointed successor, Atlanta Entrepreneur Jerry Nims. Says Robert Skolrood, director of the National Legal Foundation: "We have passed through our strident period."

Activists like Skolrood believe that the Religious Right, far from fizzling, will now be "more sophisticated and more encompassing." There are compelling signs of a quieter political competence. Sociologist Nancy Ammerman of Emory University points to "grass-roots organizations all over the place putting the conservative agenda in place—locally, not nationally. Now they walk through the halls of capitols and do horse trading." In a parallel development, Fundamentalists have been steadily consolidating control of the nation's largest Protestant denomination, the 14.6 million-member Southern Baptist Convention. One indicator of their impact was last month's resignation of the moderate president at Southeastern Baptist seminary in North Carolina following a Fundamentalist takeover of his board.

Meanwhile, the presidential campaign of Pat Robertson makes him the movement's new "undisputed leader," in the estimation of Political Analyst Kevin Phillips, who adds, "That's what he's running for." Robertson would dispute that. He calculates that winning the Republican nomination is "almost a done deal," in the words of an aide. A more plausible

scenario, considering Robertson's stupendous negative ratings in some polls, is that he could capture just enough delegate strength to be a power broker between George Bush and Robert Dole.

Barring a major stumble, though, Robertson promises to emerge with durable political influence. For the moment, he is pointedly keeping the Religious Right at arm's length to broaden his appeal, and in talks refers to his previous vocation as "businessman," not "evangelist." He has quit the Southern Baptist clergy and ceded control of his Christian Broadcasting Network to Son Timothy. But his organization of volunteers and financial sup-



Ex-Clergyman Robertson campaigning at a diner in New Hampshire

A durable political influence that should carry into the 1990s.

porters draws heavily upon the Christian Right and is one of the most substantial political infrastructures ever built in the U.S. on a religious base. It should carry Robertson and his smoothly polished message into the 1990s.

Robertson's ascendancy and the Religious Right's new grass-roots savvy only partly answer the question of where the movement will go, however. The end of the Falwell era should inspire a sweeping re-examination of the way conservative Christians separate church and state. As it happens, one vision is already being forcefully argued by Charles Colson, the Watergate felon turned prison evangelist, in his articulate new book *Kingdoms in Conflict* (Morrow/Zondervan; \$15.95). Colson's criticisms of the Religious Right are especially noteworthy, coming as they do from a biblically conservative Southern Baptist who joins with the movement in decrying America's continued drift toward dangerous immorality and secularism.



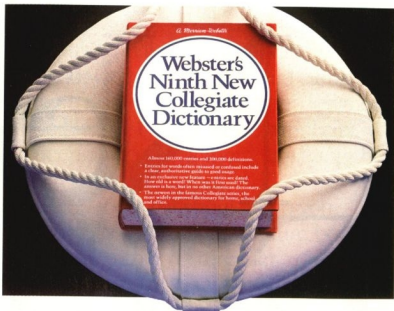
CHARLES COLSON

Critic Colson

Colson favors Christian activism by individuals and special-purpose groups but believes that because modern America is a pluralistic society, it is "not only wrong but unwise" to try to make doctrine the basis for public policy. He is wary of official political stands by religious groups, except in the case of such manifest evils as slavery and Nazism. Though against rigid church-state separation, Colson argues that each institution has a distinct, God-given role. Churches should emphasize spirituality and avoid the corrupting enticements of political power. Similarly, he opposes government-organized school prayers, insisting that "propagating moral vision" should be the job of the church, not the state.

Colson's warnings echo a concern that religious conservatives would be reckless to ignore. "Americans are suspicious now of linking 'thus saith the Lord' with political specifics," says Richard Mouw of California's Fuller Theological Seminary. Evangelical Theologian Henry counsels, "You shouldn't say that the Bible requires every legislative position you take. Christians should use reasons that the secular community uses, such as appealing to the greater good for the greater number." Even Falwell agrees that change is nigh. He has always enjoyed having the last word, and once more he has it: "Never again will there be a Ronald Reagan-Jerry Falwell dual view for the Religious Right. It is now a sophisticated movement with many leaders who are issues-oriented. Don't make the mistake of thinking that the Moral Majority is dead. It is no longer one person."

—By Richard N. Ostling,  
Reported by Laurence L. Barrett/Washington  
and Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta



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**HONDA**



COVER STORY

# Killer!

*Fatal Attraction strikes gold as a parable of sexual guilt*

**Let's Be Naughty**—Witty, athletic, adventurous Manhattan book editor, 36, with Medusa tresses and a Circe smile. A whiz in the bedroom and the kitchen. Loves children, roller coasters, opera (esp. *Madame Butterfly*), gourmet food and cutlery. Hates rabbits, saying goodbye and meeting guys through a personals column like this one. But God put too many married men on this island, so let's have some fun. Just be smart, sexy, fearless and potentially unattached. Photo and résumé will get a response from the woman of your dark dreams. Give me a chance and I'll love you to pieces. c/o ALEX.

**What Am I Doing Here?**—Lawyer, personable, nice job, great wife, cute kid, very happily married ... (well, *reasonably* happy, I mean, O.K., I'm fortyish and I don't even want to think about approaching mid-life, let alone a mid-life crisis, but still) ... seeks ... (no, not 'seeks,' maybe 'is willing to entertain the notion of meeting') ... attractive woman who might want to spend a weekend over drinks, dinner and dishes. Or not. Your call. Uh, wait! Don't call—at home or the office. Instead, write me if you want. c/o DAN.

**Last of the Red-Hot Mothers**—And wife too. Gorgeous homemaker, spirited, nurturing, a vision of chic domesticity. Has loving, personable husband (whom I trust explicitly), an adorable child and a quiet new suburban home. Seeks more of the same, forever and ever. Amen. Will I protect my brood, come hellion or high water? You bet your wife. c/o BETH.

Three archetypes for a modern mortality play. Alex Forrest, a career woman whose forcefulness sheathes a precarious ego. Dan Gallagher, a guy who seems to have embraced personal and career contradictions in a big, easy bear hug. Beth Gallagher, comfortable in her roles as wife, mother and natural stunner. But what if Alex is a creature of insatiable lust and leeching possessiveness? And if Dan's

amiability has made him too soft to resist Alex's attentions or, later, to protect his family from her vengeance? And if Beth, supermom in disguise, is roused to confront the beast Alex has become? Oh, and what if somebody made a movie about this trio of '80s Everypersons?

Somebody did make *Fatal Attraction*. And this fall, *what if* became *wow!* Striking moviegoers with the startling power of a madwoman in your bathroom, Para-

**The movie skews a Hitchcock romantic thriller into a horror show. It begins as *Vertigo* and ends as *Psycho*.**

mount's lurid romantic thriller is the zeitgeist hit of the decade. It has been box-office champ for each of its first seven weeks in release, and shows little sign of slackening. Last week it reached the \$80 million mark, to rank as the year's second highest grossing film. It's the movie with something for almost everybody. Says Michael Douglas, who plays Dan: "People leave saying 'I laughed, I got turned on by the sex scenes, and I got scared.' You can't ask for more than that."

But Paramount, which also released the year's No. 1 and No. 3 films (*Beverly Hills Cop II* and *The Untouchables*), is getting more than that. People can't stop talking about this movie, arguing about its characters, seeing in Dan, Beth and Alex creepy visions of themselves and their old flames. "Everybody can identify with obsessive love," says Co-Producer Sherry Lansing. "All of us have made a call in the middle of the night when we shouldn't have, or driven by somebody's house when we shouldn't have. I've never boiled

a rabbit, but I've made phone calls."

And some come to visit. Glenn Close, who plays Alex, was recently approached by a mid-40s woman with her husband in tow: "She had enjoyed *Fatal Attraction*, and was taking him to see it 'so he'll never cheat on me.' And he goes, 'Huh-huh'—this nervous little laugh." Sidney Ganis, Paramount's marketing boss, observes, "There is a fever out there. It is more than a movie. It's part movie, part real life." Adrian Lyne, the film's director, is amazed by its reach: "The movie is almost like a living thing that feeds off the public and takes on new shape." In other words, *Fatal Attraction* is a monster hit.

But who is the monster? Alex Forrest, creature of the id. And who are the heroes? An American family, right or wrong, weak or strong, Dan or Beth. And how does a film with no surefire stars, no space-age special effects, no ringing affirmation of the human spirit, no discernible pretensions toward art, no unanimous blessing from the critics—and not a single teenager among its cast of characters—lurch into the national bloodstream? By tapping the current mood of sexual malaise with a cautionary—indeed, reactionary—tale about an errant husband, a faithful wife and a career woman unlucky in love. And by skewing a Hitchcockian domestic thriller into a rousing horror show. *Fatal Attraction* starts as *Vertigo* and ends as *Psycho*. For all its flaws, the picture deftly scares and excites people with fun-house-mirror reflections of themselves. As Director John Carpenter (*Halloween*) notes, "The strongest human emotion is fear. It's the essence of any good thriller that, for a little while, you believe in the boogeyman." Or woman.

One instant indicator of a pop phenomenon is the parodies and rip-offs it inspires. *Fatal Attraction*'s success has already been validated by a skit on *Saturday Night Live*. Last week NBC aired a TV-movie thriller with the sounds-like title *Dangerous Affection* (originally *Hit and Run*); for Nov. 30, the network has





Lust and marriage  
Alex (Glenn Close)  
and Dan (Michael  
Douglas) at a post-  
coital disco; later,  
with Beth (Anne Ar-  
cher), they pretend to  
be perfect strangers



scheduled a mystery called *Fatal Confession* (originally *Father Dowling*). And the title of Larry Cohen's detective movie *Love You to Death* was changed before release to *Deadly Illusion*. Perhaps, even at this moment, some literate mogul is optioning the *Don Quixote* epilogue, in which a man, sure of his wife's fidelity, persuades his best friend to woo her, and the result is hot sex and violent death. Hollywood could even keep Cervantes' title for the tale: *Fatal Curiosity*.

Like any phenomenal film, *Fatal Attraction* transforms a theater full of strangers into a community: confidant to Dan, cheerleader to Beth, lynch mob for Alex. And they leave the movie with golden word of mouth. "I saw a lot of couples looking at each other sideways as they walked out," says Jim Stegall, 35, a Miami ad salesman. "The meaning of that look was obvious: Don't even think about having an affair." Director Lyne says, "I've had men ring me up and say, 'Thanks a million, buddy, you've ruined it for us.'" A Manhattan psychoanalyst told Co-Producer Lansing, "I know the picture is

a hit, because out of my seven patients, five have brought up the movie."

Audiences can be led, stretched, manipulated, but ultimately each moviegoer makes up his own movie, finding motivations that are unvoiced in the picture, explanations for behavior undreamed of by the screenwriter. *Fatal Attraction* is an astonishing beneficiary of this consumer creativity. The picture is like Velcro: any theory can attach itself to the story and take hold. As Lansing says, "It's a Rorschach test for everyone who sees it." Is Alex worth our sympathy, pity, fear, loathing, or all of the above? Outside the Evergreen Theater in suburban Chicago,

**The audience plays its own active role: confidant to Dan, cheerleader to Beth, lynch mob for Alex.**

Rochelle Major says, "I had to believe that Alex had been hurt deeply before. She was lonely, didn't have a family like Dan did, and when he wanted to get her out of his life, she just went nuts on him." But once the horror-movie mechanism begins turning in the last two reels of *Fatal Attraction*, the audience revels in its hatred of Alex's villainy. "Alex is sick," says Ned Tanen, president of Paramount Pictures, "not some predatory creature feeding on men. No one ever doubts that she is pregnant with Dan's child. Yet at the end you hear the audience screaming 'Kill her! Kill the bitch!'"

Ever since the movie industry ceded to TV its place as the American family art form, Hollywood has believed in this truism: the basic unit of movie audiences is the dating couple; the woman usually chooses the movie, and the successful picture will be the one she wants to take her man to see. Even in the '80s. Especially in the late '80s, a time of retrenchment along the sexual front lines. Pandemic viruses are imposing a puritan morality on the would-be-wild young. Sleeping arrangements are seen as a matter of life and death. Folks on dates don't know whether to cross their legs or their fingers. So, dear, what's playing at the Cineplex tonight? Answer: a host of movies, mostly in the newly revitalized thriller genre, that exploit the itch and edginess in right-now relationships. *Fatal Attraction* is the leader, but others have similar themes and might deserve similar titles. Among them:

"Naval Attraction." In the summer-fall hit *No Way Out*, an officer in U.S. naval intelligence (Kevin Costner) has a dangerous love affair with the Washington mistress (Sean Young) of the Secretary of Defense (Gene Hackman). It begins as hot reckless sex in the back seat of a limo and climaxes in death and betrayal. *No Way Out* keeps escalating past passion into mortal power struggles, in which the guilty are forever eliminating the slightly less guilty. But the film rescues, in melodrama's high pitch, the lament of any bright woman with a healthy carnal appetite: Why do men insist that you be either Donna Reed or Donna Rice?

"Fatal Infection." In Kathryn Bigelow's bleak, gross, great-looking horror movie *Near Dark*, an Oklahoma farm lad falls for an alluring blond from parts unknown. She seems interested in him, so why won't she give him a little love bite? Because, as he realizes too late, he will end up with the world's most toxic hickey. His dream girl is a vampire, and abstinence is the only sure precaution against infection.

It takes several harrowing nights with her rambunctious vampire pals, who kidnap his kid sister, before he can escape from the Land of the Undead. *Near Dark* has filmmaking finesse to spare, but puts its dank characters on display rather than ceding sympathy for them. It is the *Blue Velvet* of date-night spook shows.

"Fatal Attraction." In Ridley Scott's *Someone to Watch Over Me*, a cop (Tom Berenger) is assigned to guard a rich woman (Mimi Rogers) who witnessed a

murder. He loves his wife but is seduced by the lady's wealth and vulnerability. And then—can you hear it coming?—his child is kidnapped. The cop must wake up to his duties and rely on his wife's cunning to help outwit the killer. Ironically, this exercise in high style may have gone lame with audiences because of its accidental echoes of *Fatal Attraction*. It's too close, but without the kick. Scott lays an abstract '40s feeling on an '80s theme and gets lost in the mists of film noir.

"Fatal Repulsion." In Andy Anderson's minimalist revenge drama *Positive I.D.*, a Texas real estate agent (Stephanie Rascoe) is raped. When she learns that the rapist is up for parole, she devises a second identity for herself, that of a good-time gal named Bobbie, and hangs out at a bar owned by the rapist's uncle. She soon sees that Bobbie is a more suitable, rewarding part than the quiet housewife she has been playing for too many years. She might be *Fatal Attraction*'s Beth, now cosseted and cosseted by marriage, who'd rather be a free and healthy Alex. As it turns out, Bobbie's a killer too.

"Fatal Attraction." The thriller is not the only genre chilled by contemporary sexual skirmishing. In Armaan Bernstein's comedy *Cross My Heart*, two nice people (Martin Short and Annette O'Toole) endure the Date of Death. He borrows his best friend's car and apartment; one is stolen, the other trashed. She gets a leg cramp while they make out; he sees his shirt get singed on a nearby lamp as they make love. She won't tell him she has a young daughter; he won't tell her he has just lost his job. This sweet, slightly strained film finds knowing laughs in all the frustrations of modern romance. The couple must proclaim themselves free of herpes and AIDS before easing into bed, she with her diaphragm, he with his condom (or is it hers?). They both know that in an age of erotic malaise, the mating dance is often an audition for a show that gets rotten reviews and closes on opening night. As O'Toole sighs, when her sister tells her to have fun, "Dating isn't fun!"

**D**ating, or even tiptoeing outside the cathedral of wedlock for a weekend tryst, isn't supposed to be deadly either. But drama is often the imagination of disaster, and horror is the escalation of primal anxieties (pregnancy, puberty, even dentistry) into touchstone fantasies (*Rosemary's Baby*, *The Exorcist*, *Marathon Man*). Says *Fatal Attraction*'s screenwriter James Dearden: "I wanted to take every situation to the worst-possible-case scenario and see what happened."

So his plot is worth parsing, right up to the "surprise" ending that most Americans must by now know by heart. (No peeking at the next five paragraphs if you haven't seen the film.) Start with a Manhattan marriage, radiant in its yup-scale domesticity. Beth (Anne Archer) gets dressed for a party—sexy. Dan walks the dog—cute. Daughter Ellen (Ellen Hamil-



Craft and commerce: Co-producers Stanley R. Jaffe and Sherry Lansing in their Manhattan office. Sunday in the park with gore: Douglas, Close and Director Adrian Lyne



ton Latzen) crawls into bed with Mom—poignant. To an outsider, their life must look like a New Age greeting card.

The outsider is Alex, who meets Dan at the party. A business conference and a rainstorm reintroduce them that weekend while Beth and Ellen are in the country house hunting. Across the restaurant dinner table, Alex seems so hungry for him that you can hear her stomach rumble. "You're here with a strange girl being a naughty boy," she tells him, perhaps before he has even flirted with a naughty thought. But Dan is a man, and pathetically ordinary. From curiosity or concupiscence, from boredom or weakness, he

goes to her apartment. Next thing, they are making mad sex by the kitchen sink. Dirty dishes clatter under her buttocks. Tap water lubricates their lust.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," wrote Byron in *Don Juan*; "Tis woman's whole existence." Dan's fling is of Dan's marriage a thing apart. He can shrug off the sentiment as he showers off the sweat. No love for Alex, no guilt toward Beth. Thanks, hon, gotta run. After all, as he tells Alex, he's happily married; he has a six-year-old girl: "I'm lucky." When Alex pings the question—"So what are you doing here?"—he figures he can squirm out of it. But Dan has underestimated her fatal attraction to him. Before he leaves, she has slit her wrists.

It is the first of many cries for help. The first calls are to the office—she has two tickets to *Madame Butterfly*, would he like to come?—then to his home. She reveals she is pregnant with his child; he renounces her. He arrives home one evening to find Alex chatting airily with Beth about purchasing their apartment now that they are moving to the country. She

**What made the old movie vamps so evil? Usually that they liked sex as much as men did.**

## Cinema

pours acid on his car hood, and still he cannot confide in Beth. Fretting at his living-room desk one night, he glances up at Beth reading a fairy tale to Ellen. He still believes in his picture-perfect life. To tell Beth about Alex would be to deface the greeting card. He must deal like a man with the crisis he has helped create.

But Dan is not a man, at least not the John Wayne movie man. He is a soft guy in a tough spot. Even after Alex boils Ellen's pet rabbit on the country cottage stove, Dan cannot inform Beth that he and Alex were lovers; Beth has to elicit the fact by asking him directly. The women have the cojones in this picture. It is Beth who will earn the movie's first cheer when she tells Alex, "If you ever come

can't keep a bad woman—or a citation from the landmark French chiller *Diabolique*—down. Alex springs screaming from the tub and slashes at Dan, as Beth appears brandishing a handgun and kills Alex with a bullet through the chest.

*Fatal Attraction* was conceived by English Screenwriter-Director Dearden eight years ago as a 45-minute film called *Diversion*. In 1983 Producers Lansing and Stanley R. Jaffe hired Dearden to write a feature-length script based on his idea. (Later, Screenwriter-Director Nicholas Meyer rewrote some of the scenes involving Dan's family, which Paramount executives had thought insufficiently sympathetic.) Michael Douglas was in on the project early, but Close arrived only after

framing him as her murderer. Ironic, Hitchcockian, certainly fatalistic and pretty darned Japanese—but not satisfying. Says Lyne: "It was like having two hours of foreplay and no orgasm."

So the filmmakers tried for something more crimson. "We sat in a room for four days," recalls Dearden. "Obviously the present ending makes Alex a complete psycho. It works well as a piece of cinema but makes her less authentic." In July they were back in Mount Kisco, N.Y., for reshooting. Dearden wrote the new ending, "because I wanted to maintain some degree of influence over it." (The original ending may be used when *Fatal Attraction* is released in Japan next year.)

The new ending works, though, not



**The Date of Death:** Sean Young and Kevin Costner in the hit thriller *No Way Out*; Annette Bening and Martin Short in the comedy *Cross My Heart*

near my family again, I'll kill you, you understand?" And Alex who will take Beth up on her dare, swiping Ellen from school for an almost innocuous afternoon kidnapping. The outraged husband tries taking matters into his own hands by strangling Alex back in her kitchen—be a movie man, Dan—but he can't finish the job. This demon will have to be destroyed by the only pure spirit left.

Back in the cottage, while Dan makes tea downstairs, Beth prepares her bath. With her robe she erases steam from the bathroom mirror. Alex is standing behind her, carrying a knife. Softly, she asks Beth, "What are you doing here?" In her frazzled mind she may already be Mrs. Dan Gallagher, her hubby in the kitchen, their imminent child asleep in her womb. Who is this presumptuous intruder in Alex's dream cottage? Someone who doesn't deserve to play happy family. Someone who deserves to die. Their struggle for the knife finally alerts Dan, who rushes upstairs, overpowers Alex and forces her into the full tub. She struggles, then ceases, blood rising from her mouth. But you

Debra Winger had rejected the role and Barbara Hershey was unavailable. The film began shooting in September 1986 under Lyne's direction. *Flashdance* had proved that Lyne knew which buttons to push for a multimedia smash, and *9½ Weeks*, a flop at the U.S. box office but a hit at the video stores, showed his fascination with the theme of sexual dependency at the borderline of pain and pleasure.

Last spring Paramount sneaked *Fatal Attraction* to preview audiences. Their response was positive except for the ending. In that version, Alex committed suicide to the strains of *Madame Butterfly* and left Dan's fingerprints on the knife, thus

only as a jolt for the audience but also in resolving the drama on its own perverted terms. Once Alex, the nightmare shrew, has threatened the dream family, she must be faced down by the family. Once Dan has sinned, only Beth can forgive him, by saving his life. Once Alex has invaded the home, she must be killed by the homemaker; the Wife must destroy the Other Woman.

There is just one little problem. In killing Alex, Beth also kills the child—Dan's child—inside her. The first wife saves her family by destroying the potential family of the woman who wanted to be Dan's second wife. One woman movie executive, who is disgusted by *Fatal Attraction's* message, offers this bitter coda: "Dan and Beth should be put on trial for the murder of Alex's unborn child."

By any critical standard, *Fatal Attraction* is no masterpiece. The plot has holes you could drive Beth's station wagon through. (How does Alex get Ellen out of school? Why didn't the family dog bark when Alex breaks into the Gallagher house? Why can't Dan hear the final

***Fatal Attraction* is like Velcro: any theory can attach itself and take hold.**

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struggle a floor above him, and why does the bathroom tile floor leak water? The threat to Ellen's pet rabbit can be smelled three reels away from payoff; that hare is high. Lyne's visual style, with its grab bag of slick thrills and cheap tricks, is clever but unoriginal—hack chic. And you needn't be a critic to get restless during the longueurs of the film's first hour. Just listen to the crowd. Until *Fatal Attraction* removes its mask of psychological drama to reveal a familiar horror-movie face, audiences can be often heard giggling in apprehension and impatience. Something scary has to happen soon, they must think, because nothing is happening now.

But when it happens, it happens big. And there are earlier, subtler pleasures: the understated idealizing of the Gallaghers' homelife, the funny-horny touches in the sex scene. Douglas and Close are nicely cast, attractive opposites. His all-American-boy bafflement suggests a Gary Cooper stripped of moral authority and ill at ease in a grown-up dilemma. Her intimidating energy recalls the young Katharine Hepburn but with a voracious libido. And behind them both stands another more portly silhouette: the ghost of Alfred Hitchcock. Dan is the basic Hitchcock protagonist, a fairly decent man in a horribly compromised position. And at first glance, Alex, with her cool allure, seems an avatar of Hitchcock's blond ice goddesses. Only later do we discover she is as lonely and lethal as Mother Bates. But with a difference. In *Psycho* the woman with the knife was really a man with an Oedipus complex. In *Fatal Attraction*, Alex holds her own.

In its every strategy, *Fatal Attraction* is a cagey blend of old and new Hollywood, of current obsessions and conservative solutions. Director Brian De Palma (*Carrie*, *The Untouchables*) calls the picture a "postfeminist AIDS thriller."

But unless Alex is the disease, *Fatal Attraction* is not about AIDS. Indeed, the story, stripped to its essentials, is the stuff of many an old movie weepie. Boy meets girl for a brief encounter; boy gets girl pregnant and disappears; girl falls in love with boy and tries to get him back. In those films, though, the lovesick female was the heroine and a rogue male was the villain. *Fatal Attraction* switches genders and, presto, becomes a homily for our times.

In traditional melodrama the ostensibly weak must triumph over the seemingly invincible. And that usually means a clash between a good woman and an evil man. But this time Dan is the vulnerable

one—in De Palma's provocative term, a "feminized male"—partly because of his position as head of the family. And his adversary is scarily strong, a masculinized female even in name—Alex. She is the stalker, the demon, the sexual adventurer.

That profile is familiar too. For Alex is the latest in a long Hollywood line of women whose sexuality makes them both super- and subhuman. Vampires. Or, in Hollywood's word, vamps. Since 1915, when Theda Bara starred in *A Fool There Was*

grating voice is, finally and poetically, strangled by a telephone cord. And as feminism found its voice in the early '70s, Hollywood shouted back. In Clint Eastwood's *Play Misty for Me* (1971), Jessica Walter is a woman who has a brief affair with a Carmel, Calif., disk jockey (Eastwood) and is soon threatening him, abducting his girlfriend and coming at him with a knife. Sound familiar? It sounded so familiar to Carpenter and De Palma that they passed on directing *Fatal*

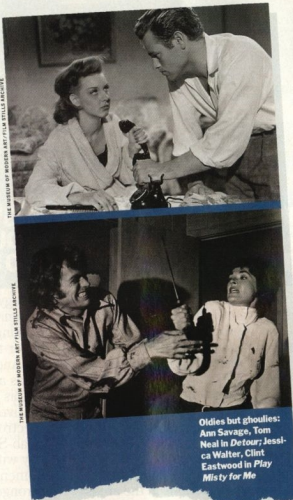
*Attraction* at least partly because of its echoes from Eastwood's film.

The new movie is sleeker, cannier, luckier—and more disturbing. No wonder feminists have cried foul over *Fatal Attraction*: Alex is the '80s career woman as homicidal vamp. Says Marsha Kinder, a film professor at the University of Southern California: "In this film, it is not sexual repression that causes psychosis. It is sexual liberation. For men, Alex's sexuality is a succubus; it saps a man's strength. *Fatal Attraction* is also about how men fear women. Because in this movie women have the power, positively and negatively. When Alex hears Dan threaten her, she doesn't take it seriously. But when Beth tells Alex she is going to kill her, Alex trembles. And the final battle is between the two women. It is like a return bout from last year's *Aliens*, except that this time the career woman is the monster, and it's the mother who wins. The movie cleverly plays to both sides of woman. And even though it is hateful politically, it is appealing to women. The film itself has a fatal attraction."

The movie's makers angrily deny that *Fatal Attraction* is antifeminist, but they must be smiling behind their public choler. All the controversy in newspapers and magazines is like a free front-page ad. Every argument at a cocktail party or around an office coffee machine keeps this monster movie alive. Even career women who take the film as libel have to see it, if only to know the enemy up close. Maybe Hitchcock was right when, to smooth the feathers of one of his stars, he cooed, "It's only a movie, Ingrid." Maybe *Fatal Attraction* is just a nine-weeks wonder. More likely, though, it will linger in the American central nervous system. A single woman may have to go to the personals column for her next beau. A married man may sit on his lust the next time an attractive woman says, "Hi." And next time he and his wife go out on the town, he'll pick the movie.

—By Richard Corliss.

Reported by Denise Worrall/Los Angeles



Oldies but ghouies:  
Ann Savage, Tom  
Neal in *Detour*; Jessica  
Walter, Clint  
Eastwood in *Play  
Misty for Me*

(based on Rudyard Kipling's poem *The Vampire*), the American movie screen has been pocked with predatory femmes fatales. What made them evil? Usually, that they liked sex as much as men did, if they were decadent Europeans played by the likes of Garbo and Dietrich. Or, if they were homegrown, that sexual frustration twisted them into satanic schemers.

The mid-1940s brought a plague of these film-noir harpies, from Gene Tierney in *Leave Her to Heaven* to Barbara Stanwyck in almost anything. Edgar G. Ulmer's relentless *Detour* (1946) cast Ann Savage as a harpid from hell—the worst pickup of poor Tom Neal's life—whose



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## Getting Close to Stardom

The difficult fiesta scene is finally accomplished, and the star takes a break on the parched and cactus-studded set. Her cheeks and shoulders are wholesomely freckled, her honey-blond hair cropped short and glowing in the desert sun. Dressed in simple cotton and sensible shoes, she looks like a handsome pioneer woman, which is essentially what she plays in her television movie now filming in Tucson.

Could this be the same Glenn Close who scared the lusty right out of men's loins as *Fatal Attraction's* murderously obsessive Other Woman, the one in the wild curls and sexy scoop-front blouse whom a supermarket tabloid calls the "Most Hated Woman in America"? Yes and no. In her TV film, *Stones of Ibarra*, about an American couple who move to rural Mexico, Close, 40, returns to playing the sort of classy and controlled heroine that won her Academy Award nominations for three of her first four films, *The World According to Garp*, *The Big Chill* and *The Natural*. But after her stereotype-shattering performance as Alex, she will never be the same, professionally or personally.

Chatting in her trailer between scenes, Close expresses hunger for more roles like Alex, which she considers a breakthrough: "The first woman I've played who is out of control, who emotionally runs the gamut—the first real, full-blooded role I've had." She adds that *Attraction* has also liberated her personal style. "Now I can wear that black leather jacket from the film, or those slinky, low-cut things," she laughs, "and feel really good about myself."

That laugh, a lusty guffaw about two sizes too large for her 120-lb. frame, is the first hint of something intriguingly unpredictable in Close.

Similarly, the controlled expression on her high-cheekboned face often seems at odds with the light in her gray-green eyes. As her *Attraction* co-star Michael Douglas says, "she always looks like she has a secret."

That quality crackles through Close's eerily authentic portrayal of the lovelorn Alex Forrest and her descent into psychosis—a progression about which Close knew much more than was in the script. Enlisting the help of three psychoanalysts, including her own, she constructed a detailed and clinically consistent history for Alex that helped her understand and project the character's pain and rage. She decided that someone like Alex probably was sexually abused by her father, despised by her mother and rejected by most of the men she had cared for. Her most recent affair was with a married man and ended traumatically, perhaps when she became pregnant and suffered a miscarriage.

Reaction to the film indicates that the "whole male-female thing in this country is very volatile right now. I think many women are feeling used by men. They invest a lot in a relationship, in nurturing a man emotionally and in his career, but they have their own careers and emotions and they don't get that nurturing in return."

In her portrayal of Alex, Close says, "I drew on my own unhappy and vulnerable periods as a single career woman

and from earlier times. I was never abused like Alex, but I've had times when I thought it would be easy to go crazy." For Close, most of those times came between an idyllic early childhood and her late-blooming film success.

A Connecticut Yankee born to one of the founding families of Greenwich, Close grew up among three siblings and innumerable ponies and dogs, roaming the family's wooded 250-acre estate. "I wasn't the oldest or the youngest or an only boy," Glenn recalls, "so I had to work harder to be noticed." One can see that in old family photos, where the other kids often are gazing into left field while Glennie is right up front, beaming an eager smile smack through the back of the camera. Precocious and poised, she proclaimed she was going to be an actress—a career compromise reached only reluctantly at age five when she accepted that she could not grow up to be a quarter horse. Today she weeps with laughter as she recalls galloping on hands and knees, shouting defiantly to parents, "I'm still going to be a horse even after my breasts get big!"

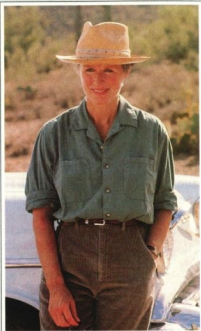
Her "dark years," from seven to 22, are painful to discuss, and she has worked hard to overcome them. "We had wonderful parents and a wonderful childhood," she says tautly. "I only wish it hadn't ended when I was seven years old." In that year her parents joined a quasi-religious organization whose members were mostly affluent and conservative. "They wanted to save the world," says Glenn's younger sister Jessie. "In the process, this cult split up our family." The elder Closes moved to the Belgian Congo (now Zaïre), where Glenn's father, a physician, ran a clinic. The children were left in various boarding schools in Switzerland and Connecticut.

One friend at the Connecticut school, Screenwriter Sarah Kernochan, recalls that Close was "petrified at dances" and "terrified when the other girls would discuss sex." In school plays, however, she won the most demanding parts. "She would do anything as a performer."

After some adolescent wandering and college (William and Mary), Close moved to New York City and began acting with the Phoenix Theater Company. There she became fast friends with actress Mary Beth Hurt, who recalls that Close's patrician reserve hid a "wild and playful" streak. Close's break was in the Broadway production of *Barnum*, which led to her being cast in *Garp*. One day she shocked the cast and crew after the production bogged down over a delicate nude scene in the boys' locker room. She suddenly stripped off her character's nurse uniform and streaked the cast and crew in an armor-like girdle and longline bra. "Everyone's jaw just dropped," says Hurt. "It was totally unexpected."

For all her humor, beauty and success, Close says she has found it "difficult to balance love and career." Her first marriage, at 21, to Rock Guitarist Cabot Wade, lasted three years, as did her second, to James Marlas, a Manhattan venture capitalist. The man in her life now is Producer John Starke, 37, who worked with her on *Garp* and is her partner in developing film projects. The two are expecting their first child in April or May. Unlike Alex but rather like her favorite heroine, Jenny Fields, the defiantly unwed mother of *Garp*, Close has no plans to marry.

—By Dan Goodgame/Tucson



Pioneer woman: on the set of *Stones of Ibarra*

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## People



Robards and McKeon in TV movie based on Norman Rockwell's painting *Breaking Home Ties*

TV movies have been inspired by biblical stories, novels, biographies, crimes, historical events. Now, in an inventive and probably desperate stroke, video producers have discovered yet another source. On Thanksgiving, ABC will air a movie based on an oil painting. That's right, *Breaking Home Ties* is an adaptation of the 1954 picture that **Norman Rockwell** painted for the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*. By expanding on the Americana scene, Director **John Wilder** has come up with a drama that casts **Jason Robards** as the hardscrabble farmer sitting on the running board of the battered pickup truck next to his son, played by **Doug McKeon**. The country boy is off to State U., soon to be seduced by a racy coed, while back at home, his mother languishes in the grip of a fatal illness. "It's a story about change," says Robards. "We all hope we can keep life the way it is." If this adaptation is a success, beware. A three-part mini-series called *American Gothic*, based on **Grant Wood's** painting, could be next.

Still another California actress has opted for reincarnation. Without the help of channeling but with deliberate effort, **Ali MacGraw**, 47 (*Love Sto-*

*ry, The Winds of War*), has re-emerged as an interior designer. Last week she proudly showed off her latest project: Malibu Adobe, a beachside eatery backed by celebrity bucks. The restaurant's M.O. will be "casual, for people who don't want to dress," says MacGraw, who presided over Adobe's Sante Fe décor. She bypassed the hackneyed Navajo blankets and **Georgia O'Keeffe**-inspired longhorn skulls ("If I see another one of those, I think I'll gag") for simple whitewashed stucco walls and terra-cotta tile floors. She has already whipped up the interior design of half-a-dozen private homes, and next month she will be on *Architectural Digest's* masthead as editor-at-large. Aware that her

celebrity status will help persuade super-spenders to admit the magazine's photographers to their villas, MacGraw says, "I don't pretend to be a great architect."

The reunited royals, **Prince Charles** and **Princess Diana**, spent a harmonious week in West Germany rebounding from the lashing their marriage has taken in the British press. The couple exchanged warm smiles as they attended official functions, and at night shared double-bedded guest rooms. After greeting enthusiastic crowds in Bonn, Charles could be seen massaging Diana's sore right hand to relieve the rigors of the receiving line. Her loving glance in return

was worth a thousand rumors. Perhaps Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung* analyzed the alleged marital rift correctly: "It was all an artificial deception of the sensational tabloids, the same ones now rejoicing that the royal lovebirds are billing and cooing." Buckingham Palace apparently agrees and whispers that Charles and Diana are the targets of an antiroyal campaign by some Fleet Streeters who would like to see England a republic shorn of titles. If true, their strategy may have backfired. Thousands of let-

ters are pouring into the palace in support of the storybook couple.

Forget Woodstock, Radio City Music Hall or even MTV. The hottest venues to debut a hit song are now the nation's teen-crammed shopping malls. The current undisputed con-course queen is a redheaded sensation named **Tiffany**, who is, appropriately, 16. All last summer on impromptu stages set up between Florsheim shoe stores and American Vision Centers, the high schooler from Norwalk, Calif., belted out her current hit, *I Think We're Alone Now*. The Tiffany tour lofted the song so high that it passed **Madonna** and **Prince** on the Top 40 charts to become the No. 1 hit single. The tune is a remake of an old **Tommy James** cut. "At first I wasn't sure," says Tiffany



Tiffany: No. 1 at 16

Darwish, "but then I went into the studio, and I realized the words were fun." In 1967 James could push the ballad only to No. 3, but then, he came before the mall era. Now we're talkin' "shop rock."

—By **Martha Smilgis**.  
Reported by **David E. Thigpen/Now York**



Designer MacGraw in her Malibu restaurant

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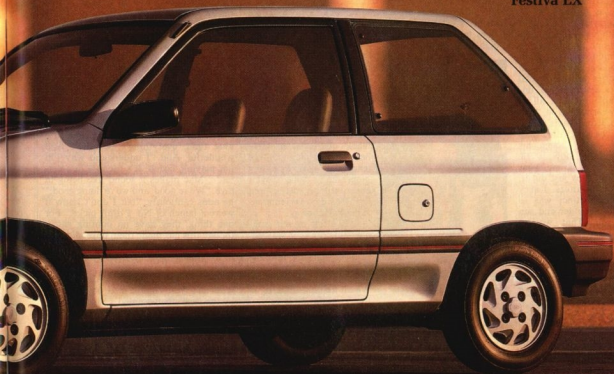
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## Sport

### Carried Away In Syracuse

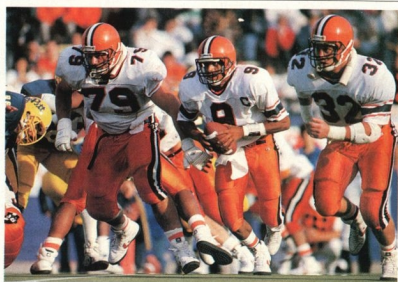
*Clinging to tradition, the Orangemen are undefeated*

As if playing for the basketball title were an elixir, the football teams of Indiana and Syracuse have kept the ball going into the fall. For the first time ever, the Hoosiers have trimmed both Ohio State and Michigan on the same calendar, and this time the Orangemen have gone them one better. On top of beating both Penn State and Pitt, 17 years in the trying, Syracuse is undefeated. It is 1959 again.

Ben Schwartzwalder has been gone from the sidelines for 14 seasons, and the team has been gone from the headlines for 20. But everything came back together again at the Penn State game, when the Orangemen ran off to a 41-0 lead and Dick MacPherson quickly summoned the old coach from the press box. "The greatness of Syracuse football, the tradition of it, is Ben Schwartzwalder," says his second successor, now seven years on the job. "The kids just love him. He tells them stories and gets them out of wind sprints." They carried Ben off the field after Penn State was finished, 48-21. Really, they were carrying something else back on.

Although Schwartzwalder does tend to mention unbalanced lines, eight-man blocking fronts and half-back option passes, most of his stories are about ball carriers, a sequence of unbelievable runners, all of them wearing No. 44. "Jim Brown, Ernie Davis, Floyd Little," he says with a snap in his voice, though his own number now is 78. "They never knew what they did. They just did it. Perfect instincts. Larry Csonka's instinct was to drop his shoulder and run over you. That worked too." Because Csonka started as a lineman, he never wore 44. Joe Morris was offered the number around 1980 but declined. A large part of Syracuse was declining.

Starting with 5-6, 4-6-1 and 2-9 years, the '80s has offered the Orangemen just one bowl game, the infamous Cherry Bowl of 1985, which neglected to pay off. "They were 2-9 the year I got out of high school," says Billy Owens, a kid who grew up near the campus. "There was an occasional player I liked, like Art Monk, but I was into little-league football on Saturdays and wasn't very much aware of Syra-



The resourceful senior quarterback and friends roll to a 24-10 victory over Pitt

cuse." From an unsafe safety position with Pitt, Owens was made aware at homecoming this year in Pittsburgh, to a half-time tune of 24-3, eventually played out to 24-10. As homecoming opponents, the Orangemen have lost their charm.

The main reason is Donnie McPherson, a resourceful senior quarterback from West Hempstead, N.Y. Being a black quarterback, he is often referred to as a running quarterback, though in fact he is a quarterback-quarterback. "Only Syracuse promised me that I would be the quarterback and that I'd be allowed to do quarterback things," he says. "Other schools talked about trying me there but said to keep receiving in mind, and maybe defensive back." This sham goes back as far as leather helmets, but the schools leaving it behind are increasing. No fewer than 15 black quarterbacks have been leading major college teams this year, including Nebraska's Steve Taylor and, until he was injured last Saturday, Oklahoma's Jamelle Holieway.

"I've felt myself gaining something all season," says McPherson, the thrower growing into the pitcher. "Instead of firing the ball, I've found touch. We all found something in the Virginia Tech game."

Behind 21-7 at the half, the team spent most of the intermission looking at the word character chalked on a blackboard. As if it really were 1959, the innocent year they won the national championship, the Orangemen roared back to win, 35-21.

Long retired from a fine pro career with Denver, Floyd Little returned to Syracuse this year for the Penn State game, and the sight of Sophomore Runner Michael

Owens, No. 44, delighted him. "The shirt's out of the pants, the feet don't stay on the ground very long—it all looks right to me," he says. "Sometimes I get to thinking about the day, right around Christmastime, when Ernie Davis came to New Haven to recruit me. Jim Brown had come for him the same year. After so many years, you wonder where the thread broke." It pleases Little to think he had a small part in the restringing. MacPherson was an assistant coach for the Broncos in Little's time, and Floyd recommended him heartily.

MacPherson, 57, "Mac" to all, is a former center from Maine with a bent nose and a bright outlook. "When you're first coming on, that's the best time in coaching," he says. "Nobody takes anything for granted yet. When you're 5-6 [as Syracuse was last year], you have to be Harold Hill with all 76 trombones. But when you're good for the first time in a long time, everything's beautiful. And wonderful. And, 'I understand why I'm not playing, coach. It's because he's better.'" Mac makes it sound like being in love. "We're good, and we're doing good," he adds cautiously, "but I don't know if we're a bunch of No. 1 draft picks." For one thing, they have no punting game, though this has made them unpredictable near their goal line, and in the spirit of the renaissance, they have resurrected quick kicks.

If they can beat Boston College this week and West Virginia next, both at home in the basketball-scented Carrier Dome, they will be 11-0, and at least have a bowl day's chance at No. 1. Should Syracuse wind up at the New Orleans Sugar Bowl, the symmetry will be served. The Orange basketball team lost the title there. As the Penn State game ended four weeks ago, Floyd Little made a broken-field run to a phone to call his old friend, the Syracuse basketball great Dave Bing. "Hey Dave," he said, "guess what."

—By Tom Callahan



MacPherson and McPherson

## Books

### A Web of the Way We Live Now

THE RADIANT WAY by Margaret Drabble; Knopf; 408 pages; \$18.95

This novel marks another step in one of the most interesting careers in contemporary letters. It has taken a while for that shoe to drop. *The Middle Ground*, British Author Margaret Drabble's ninth novel, appeared in 1980 and underscored a process that had begun several books earlier: a movement away from the narrow, intense psychological portraits of her early fiction (*A Summer Bird-Cage*, *The Garrick Year*) toward panoramas of realistic characters placed in a recognizable society. Drabble's progress was retrograde, running against the modern notion that fiction should be deep and singular rather than broad and general. Her models—Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Arnold Bennett (whose biography she wrote in the 1970s)—were either considered unfashionable or inimitable.

And then, after *The Middle Ground*, silence. Drabble busied herself preparing a new edition of *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, which was published in 1985. This task, though eminently worthwhile, raised a troubling question. Had Drabble given up her struggle to reclaim some of the public world, the intricate web of the way we live now, as the proper province of fiction?

The author's tenth novel suggests that she was not stymied at all; she was merely waiting for current events to provide her with enough material for a new book. *The Radiant Way*, among other things, a chronicle of some five years of British life under the sway of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and the Tory party. Drabble's fictional characters must cope on a regular basis with a changing political landscape. They are spirited, intelligent, opinionated and hardly passive, but their destinies are not under their own control. Government budget cuts can render them redundant, cost them their jobs; violence unleashed by growing class tensions can threaten their privacy and their lives.

Three heroines, living in London and in their mid-40s when the decade of the 1980s dawns, provide a focus for Drabble's tumultuous plot: Liz Headland, twice married and a successful psychotherapist; Alix Bowen, ditto and a believer in socially useful work like teaching English literature to female criminals; Esther Breuer, unmarried and a dilettantish specialist in the early Italian Renaissance. Although they

have taken different paths, Liz, Alix and Esther share a long friendship and common bonds dating back to their student days at Cambridge in the 1950s. "These three women," Drabble notes, "it will readily and perhaps with some irritation be perceived, were amongst the *crème de la crème* of their generation." What have time and circumstances done to the best and the brightest?

The answer is: plenty. Liz, for one,

#### Excerpt

“ Brian was holding a yellow plastic bucket, and a handwritten placard which said **HELP THE WIVES AND FAMILIES OF THE MINERS**. The rain fell steadily on the hood of his anorak as Brian jangled the coins in his bucket . . . The brotherhood of man. Most people smiled at Brian, even the hard-thighed shoppers of Bond Street and Oxford Street smiled. But Alix did not smile. Brian and his bucket were more than she could bear. ”



throws a New Year's Eve party for 200 guests on Dec. 31, 1979, and learns that Charles, her husband of 20 years, plans to divorce her and marry a lady with a title. Maybe it is just as well. Now a stuffy television executive, Charles has left the '60s and '70s, his pioneering documentaries and his idealism, not to mention Liz, behind: "A male world, a world of suits and ties and speeches, of meetings and money. Charles had conquered it. First he had mocked it, then he had exposed it, then he had joined it, and now he represented it." But Liz can support herself in the new economic climate: "She is not threatened by cuts in public spending, by the decline of the National Health Service, by the

new and growing emphasis on privatization: her income is derived from a judicious blend of public and private practice."

Not so Alix, who watches her part-time jobs topple in a crusade of cost cutting and bears witness to the demoralization of her husband Brian, a true son of the working class who has moved upward through teaching adult-education courses into white-collar unemployment. She muses, "Brian would turn sour. Already he had become unreasonable; later, he would, like everyone else, become sour." Esther too must face straitened circumstances, once the funds for her occasional lectures on art and evening seminars dry up.

These characters struggle with their fates against a crowded background: rising joblessness, the Falklands war, national strikes by steelworkers and miners, inner-city race riots, the appearance of AIDS. What is more, Drabble's heroines can secure scant sanctuary for their domestic lives amid the din of external change. Alix finds the severed head of a former student on the front seat of her battered old Renault; Esther discovers that she has been living for years in an apartment one floor below a mass murderer. Liz, the best insulated of them all by virtue of financial well-being, must still unearth a childhood secret that the past, perhaps mercifully, had hidden from her long ago.

In its attempt to include everything, *The Radiant Way* consistently reads like an odd hybrid, soap opera grafted onto newsreel. Formal purists may complain, with some justification. The book is undeniably awkward at times, a grab bag of facts and fancy sealed only by the author's extensive curiosity and imagination. But it not only engrosses; it works. History seems to be speeding up. Maybe Drabble's next novel, and its invaluable perspective on what has happened, will be less than seven years away.

—By Paul Gray



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## Peacekeeper

A LIFE IN PEACE AND WAR

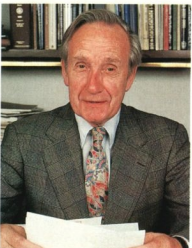
by Brian Urquhart

Harper & Row; 392 pages; \$25

**T**hese are dire times for the United Nations. It is near bankruptcy, and unilateralism by the Great Powers is still very much the order of the day. Rarely has the world organization seemed less apt to fulfill its initial aspiration, to "save succeeding generations from the scourge of war."

Thus there is something quixotic and timely about this memoir of a distinguished career spent under the blue-and-white U.N. flag. Its author does not redeem the battered organization in Turtle Bay but asserts elegantly that there is still nobility in the effort to give peace a chance.

Few public servants are better suited



Urquhart: compliments and barbs

to making that case than Sir Brian Urquhart, a 40-year U.N. veteran who retired in 1986 after twelve years as Under Secretary-General for Special Political Affairs, the U.N.'s premier troubleshooter. Urquhart traded compliments and barbs with most of the world's statesmen and zealots—some of them interchangeable—who created the U.N. and then forced it to referee conflicts in the Sinai, the Congo, Cyprus and Lebanon.

Urquhart recalls his peacekeeping duties with sardonic wit. Of a 1984 visit to Israel, he observes, "Private friendliness and public denunciation of the U.N. indicated that a national election was in progress." He reviews his triumphs, notably the Congo in the '60s, and disappointments, chiefly Lebanon in the '80s.

Urquhart served with every U.N. Secretary-General and has strong views on all of them. The first, the Norwegian Trygve Lie, he describes as an "unsophisticated man who relied ... on peasant shrewdness" rather than brains or hard

## Books

work. Dag Hammarskjöld, killed in a 1961 plane crash in the Congo, was "shy but demanding, modest but arrogant, quiet but with a formidable capacity for anger and indignation," says Urquhart, who has also written a biography of the man.

Urquhart is scathing about two-term Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. The current President of Austria, he says, was an "energetic, ambitious mediocrity" who "demonstrated determination and even, on occasion, courage, but he lacked the qualities of vision, integrity, inspiration, and leadership that the United Nations so desperately needs." Urquhart says it was "mortifying" to discover that the man had lied with such energy about his Nazi past.

As a peacekeeper, Urquhart seems proud of the U.N.'s long efforts in Africa. He was kidnapped, beaten up and almost killed by rebellious Katangese troops, an adventure he shrugged off with the epigram "better beaten than eaten." While he was willing enough to risk his neck for the U.N., Urquhart has no illusions about its bureaucracy and pettifying ways. Why, then, should its fumbling efforts continue? Because, says Urquhart, "if you hold on to your belief in reason and compassion despite all political maneuvering, your efforts may in the end produce results." In the meantime, reason and compassion have produced a fine book.

—By George Russell

## Trajectories

ROCK SPRINGS

by Richard Ford

Atlantic Monthly Press

235 pages; \$17.95

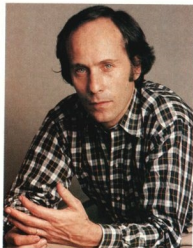
**T**his is not a happy story. I warn you." So begins one of the ten taut, laconic tales that make up *Rock Springs*, and the same admonition could serve equally well for the other nine. All of them concern characters who suspect that they may be helpless spectators of their own lives. They move about, theoretically of their own volition, but the trajectories they plot sink inexorably downward, beyond their control. Muses one of them: "There was always a gap between my plan and what happened, and I only responded to things as they came along and hoped I wouldn't get in trouble."

Such self-knowledge raises these stories well above the level of the merely unhappy. Author Richard Ford, 43, has the ability to convey the drama of aimless, drifting, passive people, the suspense entailed in waiting each day to see what new misfortunes the world has in store. In *Sweethearts*, a man named Russell drives his girlfriend's ex-husband Bobby off to jail to serve a sentence for robbery and passing bad checks. Russell does not think he will ever stumble into a similar fate, but he tries to understand what happened to Bobby: "Somehow, and for no apparent reason, your decisions got tipped over and you lost your hold. And one day you woke up

## Books

and you found yourself in the very situation you said you would never be in, and you did not know what was important to you anymore. And after that, it was all over."

The characters' sense of insignificance is reinforced by their surroundings. The locales in *Rock Springs* are almost entirely Montana and environs, a vast landscape where mountains appear in the distance "maybe 50 miles away or maybe a hundred." Such vistas seem intended to make humans feel puny, to mock the notion that individuals can make an impression on so much immensity. In *Children*, two teenage boys spend a day with a girl who is passing through, running away from home. That night, after putting her on a bus, they wonder what the future holds for them: "Outside was a place that seemed not even to exist, an empty place you could stay in for a long time and never find a thing you admired or loved or hoped to keep. And we were unnoticeable in it—both of us."



Ford: conveying the drama of drifting people

Yet Ford's people are not entirely immune to the stark beauty around them. One man, driving a stolen Mercedes and hoping to get far away from Montana, still takes time to appreciate the setting sun: "Just as it touched the rim of the horizon, it all at once fired the air into jewels and red sequins the precise likes of which I had never seen before and haven't seen since." In *Communist*, a boy is taken hunting by his mother's lover and, in the process, shown the sights and sounds of something marvelous: "It was a thing to see, I will tell you now. Five thousand white geese all in the air around you, making a noise like you have never heard before. And I thought to myself then: this is something I will never see again. I will never forget this. And I was right."

Such language is both purposefully prosaic and incandescent. *The Sports-writer* (1986), Ford's highly acclaimed third novel, established a glittering reputation. The stories in *Rock Springs* confirm it.

—P.G.

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# Sexes

## Dual Careers, Doleful Dilemmas

*When husband and wife work, whose ambitions come first?*

**S**he loved the job. No wonder, then, that Elizabeth Dole agonized long and publicly before stepping down as Secretary of Transportation last month to help her husband, Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole, in his bid for the presidency. Her quandary struck a resonant chord in men and women across the nation who increasingly confront the same dilemma: when both spouses enjoy satisfying

in the media, an involvement that her husband has supported. Gore continues her own schedule of lectures and joins her husband on the campaign trail for perhaps three days a week. "I feel a bit of a conflict," she admits. "But so far I'm campaigning and also being true to myself."

Another long-held assumption is fading fast: that women are ever ready to pack up and travel for a husband's ad-

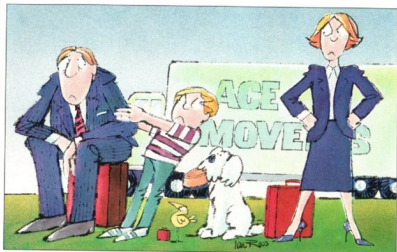
the national norm for adultery at about 26%. "The fact that they're willing to live with the arrangement indicates a high level of commitment to the marriage in the first place," explains Winfield. Also, she adds, "they're too busy with their careers and commuting back and forth."

TV Reporter Mary Nissenson and her husband, Anchor-Reporter Mike Parker, have made good use of moving vans and frequent-flyer discounts. Of their seven years together, they have lived in different cities for three years. For 2½ years, Parker worked at a Chicago station while his wife toiled in Miami. Then Nissenson moved to New York City, where Parker joined her for a few months. He was rehired in Chicago, and she joined him. Both are ambitious, but they admit to making career sacrifices for their marriage. "Mike left a weekend anchor position in Chicago to be in New York with me, and I moved to Chicago with a pay cut," acknowledges Mary, who says she has no regrets. "When I'm 60, there isn't anybody in broadcasting who will love me. But Mike will."

**M**ary and Mike now occasionally appear together as co-anchors on weekend newscasts for WBBM-TV in the Windy City. Officials at some stations who once forbade such arrangements have concluded that employing couples is sometimes good business. Indeed, anti-nepotism rules are slowly being lifted at companies across the nation. O'Melveny & Myers, one of the nation's largest law firms, has engaged several married couples. Martin Marietta, the giant aerospace and defense contractor, actually has an affirmative hire-a-couple policy. The company believes it is a sound strategy to lure and retain top people. Its Denver division now adds about 100 couples a year, notes Personnel Administrator Joseph Weiner. And there is no charity involved. "Eight out of ten times the recruited person is married to someone with skills we can use," he insists. There are a few rules, however: partners, for example, cannot supervise each other.

While many men still simply accept their wives' careers, others are assuming a more active role by attending business functions and parties with them. John Shutkin, a New York attorney with the accounting firm of Peat Marwick Main, often makes social rounds at the side of his wife, Barnard College President Ellen Futter. "Sometimes I feel like Caesar's wife," admits Shutkin. "I've got to watch my behavior." Still, he notes that men in his position are often the beneficiaries of a double standard. "I suspect that I get a lot of Brownie points that I probably don't deserve. With a female spouse, it would be a matter of expectation and obligation. Instead I get 'What a guy!'"

—By Anastasia Toulfex.  
Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York and David S. Wilson/Los Angeles



careers, which one takes precedence?

According to Government statistics, husband-and-wife wage earners now make up 56% of American marriages. Not surprisingly, some traditional expectations are giving way to new realities. It is now the dutiful husband who may find himself resisting the prospect of following his wife's career to a new city. Women, for their part, are no longer as willing to provide unquestioning—and unpaid—support for their spouses' career ambitions, a once hallowed given of corporate, academic and political life. Even the military can no longer count on blind obedience from officers' wives. Indeed, two women recently complained that brass at Grissom Air Force Base in Indiana warned them that their husbands' chances of promotion would be jeopardized unless they quit their civilian jobs. Following an investigation, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger this month forbade commanders to intrude in the careers of military spouses.

Wives today are willing to make sacrifices—but only up to a point. Take Tipper Gore, for instance. Her husband, Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, is in hot pursuit of the Democratic nomination for the presidency. Still, she has not abandoned her decade-long crusade against violence

vancement. Now men are often doing the moving. Russ Ringl is giving up his position as vice president of human resources for Playboy in Chicago to follow his wife Karen to Los Angeles, where she has become vice president for nursing services at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan. Finding a satisfying job is proving a slow process, he says, though he remains optimistic. Still, he concedes, "if I was going to have a mid-life crisis, this is the time."

Shari Aigner, an administrator of the Denver-based Independent Relocation Consultants Association, says that of the working couples who use her organization's services, "one in five reject transfers because the trailing spouse cannot find a job." Companies in Dayton and the Raleigh-Durham, N.C., area are now providing information about job openings to help overcome such difficulties.

Some couples solve the problem by living and working apart and seeing each other on weekends. About 700,000 couples in the U.S. have such commuter marriages, says Fairlee Winfield, a professor of business at Northern Arizona University. Despite the separations, some of which last ten years and longer, infidelity is apparently rare. Of 297 couples she surveyed, only 8% had affairs while apart; most polls put

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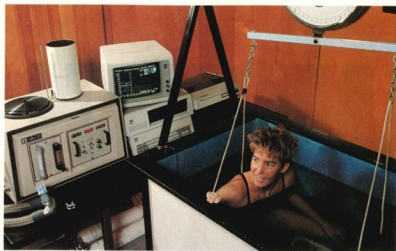
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## Health & Fitness



Hydrostatic weigh-in: getting dunked to assess fat content in Northridge, Calif., lab

### Off the Scales and into the Tub

*What counts today is not what you weigh, but how much is fat*

**W**hen Don Simpson checked into Tucson's Canyon Ranch Spa last year, he figured he needed to knock off a dozen pounds. The co-producer of *Flashdance*, *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop* knew he "had a tendency to gain weight" after each movie. Still, the string of megahits had only managed to push the scale up to 199 lbs., not too far out of line, he thought, with the standardized chart readings for a 5-ft. 9-in. 40-year-old male. But Simpson got a rude shock when the spa analysis revealed what proportion of his weight was muscle and what fat. A puffy 31% was fat, a figure well above the levels judged acceptable by physiologists. "I freaked out," Simpson recalls. "I didn't realize I was that out of shape."

Now, after a year of intensive exercise and fastidious dieting, he is down to a sleek 155 lbs. Even better, he has trimmed his body fat to 10%. And he is intent on lowering it still further. Says Simpson, who scrupulously checks his body-fat percentage every six weeks: "This is a life change for me."

Step off the scales, America. You've got a new worry: body fat. Today fitness fanatics across the country are discovering what athletes and their trainers have long known: when it comes to fitness, what counts is not how much you weigh, but how much of you is fat. The FBI and the Secret Service as well as the Army and Navy routinely measure body fat in fitness evaluations. So do some local police and fire departments. At one health club in New York City, says Hair Stylist Kevin Mancuso, "instead of everyone competing to have the biggest build, we compete to reduce body fat." Declares Donald MacKay of Health Promotion

Affiliates, which runs screening and education programs for New England corporations: "Percent body fat has become a catchphrase."

Some body fat is essential, of course. The yellowish globules, layered under the skin and packed around organs, cushion the body against injury, insulate it from cold and supply fuel to meet energy needs. Too much fat, however, increases the risk of diabetes, hypertension and heart disease, among other afflictions. Establishing ideal body-fat percentages is difficult, since height, age, body frame and exercise are all factors. Generally, scientists agree that the normal range for men is 12% to 23% and for women 16% to 28%.

Fat can be measured in several ways. The most accurate and expensive method (\$40 to \$100 a test) is hydrostatic weighing, also known as the water-buoyancy test, in which a person sits on a special scale and is dunked into a vat of water. Because fat is lighter than water, a person weighs less underwater. The land and submerged weights are used to calculate body fat. Another method, called electrical-impedance testing, is based on the fact that fat content affects

how well the body conducts electricity. Electrodes are attached to hands and feet, and a small current is applied briefly. Readings measure the amount of resistance to the current, and are used to determine the percentage of fat. The simplest and least expensive technique is the skin-fold test, in which calipers are used to measure pinches of skin at various sites, including the abdomen, thighs and back. One problem: the accuracy of the results varies with the skill of the measurer.

Devices are being designed that will allow fitness-conscious Americans to take precise readings on their own. This spring Futrex, in Gaithersburg, Md., plans to introduce a hand-held computerized analyzer. Borrowing technology developed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture to determine the nutritional content of meat and grain, the device beams near infrared light on the arm. As the light passes through the flesh, fat absorbs specific wavelengths; light emitted through the skin is then picked up by a detector. The computer translates the information into percent body fat. Cost of the device: around \$300.

While applauding the growing emphasis on fat counts, physiologists caution that it is not the end-all and be-all. "You can have a good body-fat percentage and still be unfit," warns Dr. David Heber of the UCLA School of Medicine. Observes Exercise Physiologist Paul Davis of the Human Performance Center in Falls Church, Va.: "It's one-third of the fitness equation. The rest is muscular strength and flexibility and the aerobic capacity of the heart and lungs."

Experts point out that people who embark on a low-fat-high exercise program in order to achieve a lean body may be surprised by one common result. Replacing fat with muscle often produces only a minor drop in weight, and sometimes even a gain. Patti O'Brien, 34, an editor in New York City who participates in triathlons, has reduced her body fat from 17% to about 11% over the past 18 months; she now weighs 132 lbs., only 3 lbs. less than before. Still, she does have a firmer, slimmer body. Says a jubilant O'Brien: "My clothing size has dropped from a tight ten to an easy eight."

—By Anastasia Toufexis.  
Reported by Scott Brown/  
Los Angeles and Jeannie  
Ralston/New York

### Wash & Sweat

Looking for a way to trim a few pounds? How about the Laundromat? At a new establishment in Vista, Calif., called Clean & Lean, you can get your clothes and your body into shape. The Laundromat-fitness center features exercise bikes, jogging mats and twelve different weight machines along with its washers and dryers. The exercise circuit takes 25 minutes, just enough time to get through the spin cycle. At 75¢ a wash and \$3.50 a workout, Owner Greg Trabert insists, business is "fantastic." And no wonder: customers have to come back soon to wash their exercise togs.

## Video



Staff of legends: Lloyd and Franz in *Pat Hobby*

## Tinsel and Truth

TALES FROM THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS  
PBS, Fridays, 9 p.m. on most stations

"You movie people, you're a bunch of spoiled brats!" yells a man whose car has just been rammed by a star's convertible. Yes, we nod in agreement, and they're phony too, and beneath the glamour not very happy. *Tales from the Hollywood Hills*, a trio of short-story adaptations set in Tinseltown during the 1930s, trots out all the beloved stereotypes while fearfully recapturing Hollywood's legendary golden age. Then, boldly, the mini-series abandons the legend and goes for a more subtly shaded truth.

Three star-quality performances help. In *Natica Jackson*, Michelle Pfeiffer plays a pampered screen beauty who falls for a married man. John O'Hara's tale has a bitter twist, and Pfeiffer adds her own tasty mix of sweetness and vinegar. *A Table at Ciro's*, from a Budd Schulberg story, resorts to broader caricature, as some familiar Hollywood types (washed-up director, naive ingenue, swaggering Latin lover) gather at a dinner hosted by a powerful studio mogul. But Darren McGavin plays the bigwig with such bemused dignity that the character seems brand new.

As a seedy hack screenwriter in *Pat Hobby Teamed with Genius*, Christopher Lloyd may have the toughest job of all; the invitation to ham it up is virtually flashed in neon. Cobbled together from three stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald, the episode is a bit sketchy and disjointed, but Lloyd fills the screen with a funny yet carefully modulated portrait. Watch him try to con a tourist couple by rattling off a list of bogus screenwriting credits, casually mispronouncing *Ninotchka*. Or, slumped on a couch, lamenting to a friend (Dennis Franz) that he has come up empty on a script the studio needs that afternoon: "Put a fork in me, Lou, I'm done." Cut and print.

—By Richard Zoglin

## Newswatch

Thomas Griffith

## More Professional, Less Human

Hoping to provoke a little candor among the six Republican presidential candidates on his television show, William F. Buckley Jr. asked Pierre du Pont why he would be a better choice than Jack Kemp. As du Pont began to answer with practiced evasion, Bob Dole broke in: "You're looking at me. Kemp's over there." "Yeah," replied du Pont evenly, "but the camera's behind you." Television, once the terror of politicians because it revealed character, now merely shows their carefully fashioned synthetic façades.

More than ever in the age of Ronald Reagan, television smarts are required job skills for presidential candidates. The Republicans, like the Democratic candidates a few weeks earlier, were articulate, amiable, pat, well coached and sincere as all get-out. It should have been more impressive. Hubert Humphrey or Dwight Eisenhower or Lyndon Johnson would never have been able to compact his message into two minutes—each was a ramblar—but they were abler politicians than this lot. When performance on television is the chief criterion, two preachers such as Jesse Jackson and Pat Robertson, who have never drafted legislation, governed a state or even served on a city council, seem just as qualified for the presidency as those who have.

This equalizing effect occurs because television most rewards not words or achievements but coronas of personality. Ted Koppel often seems more knowledgeable than the experts he questions, and George Will triumphantly bolder than Cabinet members who, unlike him, must bear policy responsibility for what they say. It took another corona of personality, Ronald Reagan, to reduce the dominance of the Washington scene by television journalists. He did it, this experienced actor, by disdain the press and carefully controlling his public appearances. And he did it negatively by subjecting reporters to the humiliation of shouting questions over the helicopter's roar. Artificial as these tactics were, they helped him sustain the popularity essential to any effective presidency. But the trick has worn out, as do all long-running television acts. When Reagan tried to counter the Wall Street crash with one-liners shouted over the rotor blades, it was not Sam Donaldson but Ronald Reagan who looked inadequate.

Washington figures can be divided into those who have and those who have not developed the impervious veneer required by television—that ability to duck an awkward question by talking about something else, the talent to pat-a-cake thoughts into little mouthfuls suitable for stopwatch programming. Of all the Senators and Congressmen on exhibit in recent televised hearings, Teddy Kennedy has the most undentable carapace. Many who watched the Bork hearings



Buckley, center, moderating the Republican debate: carefully fashioned façades

concluded that Kennedy and Utah's sycophantic Orrin Hatch vied in giving the worst performances. Yet Kennedy dominated the evening news coverage by crafting his wild charges into the little sound bites so dear to news producers.

Those who watched the Iran and Bork hearings were reminded of how inadequate a capsule summary can be if you've seen the movie. Less familiar committee members—Inouye, Hamilton, Mitchell, Specter, Simpson—appealed just because their humanity hadn't vanished behind a professional veneer. They were earnest, perhaps a little verbose, sometimes eloquent, decidedly human, and a welcome change from the usual Washington sound-bite sophistication.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the 1988 crop of presidential candidates, flicking around the country, answering or ducking questions they had heard before, should become so practiced and unreal. Watching them perform for two hours, a viewer could not say he now knew them better. He had only caught their act.

# Theater



Melody, magic and an elixir of delight: Zien and Gleason with Peters as a spooky neighbor; Wright and Bryne as Jack and his exasperated mother

## Some Enchanted Evening

INTO THE WOODS *Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim*  
Book by James Lapine

**W**hen Composer-Lyricist Stephen Sondheim and Director-Librettist James Lapine completed their Pulitzer-prizewinning musical *Sunday in the Park with George* in 1984, they began exploring two new ideas: to create from scratch a classic myth or fairy tale for the stage and to bring together Lucy, Ralph Kramden and other memorable sitcom characters in a single overlapping story for a TV special. Eventually the two plans sort of fused. Instead of the sitcom figures, the authors decided to jumble larkingly together the characters and archetypes popularized by Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. The strikingly original yet completely accessible result opened on Broadway last week.

*Into the Woods* is a musical fairy tale in which Jack, of beanstalk fame; Little Red Ridinghood; Cinderella, Rapunzel and their respective princes; Sleeping Beauty; Snow White—and, of course, a wicked witch and a menacing giant—are living out their stories in the same forest at the same time, bumping into each other and entangling one another's narratives. As funny as Sondheim's *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, as musical as his *A Little Night Music*, as morally inflamed as his *Sweeney Todd*, yet more forgiving and affirmative than anything he has written before, *Into the Woods* is the best show yet from the most creative mind in the musical theater today. It is also that joyous rarity, a work of sophisticated artistic ambition and deep political purpose that affords nonstop pleasure.

Broadway could not need it more. In recent years the musical, which once planted America's theatrical flag from

Rome to Tokyo, has been subjected to a kind of reverse Monroe Doctrine. The Great White Way's four hottest sellers—*Cats*, *Me and My Girl*, *Starlight Express* and *Les Misérables*—come from London (*Les Mis* originated in Paris). So does *Phantom of the Opera*, which opens in January but already boasts a \$10.5 million advance sale. During the 1980s, dozens of homegrown musicals have come and gone, some losing as much as \$7 million.

*Into the Woods* cannot change the situation by itself or even by example. For one thing, imitation is a less viable route



Soon to be wolfed down: Ferland with pursuer

to success in the theater than in prime-time TV. For another, only Sondheim is Sondheim. Says Composer-Lyricist Jerry Herman, author of *La Cage aux Folles* and *Hello, Dolly!*: "We would all agree that Steve is the genius of the group, the one who keeps on taking the musical theater to new places." What *Into the Woods* does, gloriously, is make the case for what musicals might be, blending innovation and old-fashioned storytelling into an elixir of delight. It makes audiences think of Freud and Jung, of dark psychological thickets and sudden clearings of enlightenment, even as they roar with laughter. Its basic insight, plainly influenced by the revisionist scholarship of Bruno Bettelheim, is that at heart, most fairy tales are about the loving yet embattled relationship between parents and children. Almost everything that goes wrong—which is to say, almost everything that can—arises from a failure of parental or filial duty, despite the best intentions.

The show's first image is a curtain imprinted with pages from three fables about magical keys to happiness: *Cinderella*, which in this interpretation concerns the illusory promises of perfect love; *Jack and the Beanstalk*, in which Sondheim and Lapine see a quest for the fool's gold of material conquest; and an invented tale called *The Baker and His Wife*, about a couple who long to escape the curse of childlessness inflicted by the "witch next door." Inasmuch as the holy grails that will lift the witch's spell are Jack's beloved white cow, Little Red Ridinghood's crimson cape, Rapunzel's yellow hair and Cinderella's golden slipper, by the end of the first act the fairy-tale figures have bonded into a community and sing and dance about living happily ever after.

But they don't. The widow of a giant slain by Jack shows up to exact revenge and drives everyone back into the woods (mystical and eerie in Tony Straiges' design, spell-

bound in Richard Nelson's storybook-colored lighting). The threat she poses has been likened by some critics to nuclear war or AIDS; the rampant selfishness that soon erupts in the face of trouble is, the producers admit, meant as a subtle protest against the self-congratulatory individualism of the Reagan era. But with or without allusive implications, the story jolts its passive characters—and spectators—into a world where every action has its moral consequences. The royal family proves unheroic and useless in a crisis. Neighborliness among the peasants turns to mistrust in a brilliant song of mutual finger pointing, *Your Fault*. Several characters die brutally in the grasp of the giants or at the hands of panicky fellow citizens. Yet what comes out of this chaos is not the jollity of happy endings but a deeper reassurance, born of tolerance and community and shared sacrifice, articulated in the haunting ballad *No One Is Alone*—a song as tuneful and touching as Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns*, but deeper and richer in meaning.

To outward appearances, the surviving characters are alone. Vague, pixilated Jack (Ben Wright) no longer has his nudging mother (Barbara Bryne). Tough and fearless Ridinghood (Danielle Ferland) no longer has either her granny or her sexually seductive wolf (Robert Westenberg, who doubles brilliantly as the prince to Kim Crosby's klutzy, endearingly otherworldly Cinderella). The sweet little baker (Chip Zien) has lost his wife (Joanna Gleason, in the most beguiling performance of a superb cast). Even the witch (Bernadette Peters) has stormed off in rage at the collective dithering. But in the aftermath of havoc, households re-form, and life, better understood now, goes on.

**S**ome audiences may resent the shifts in tone, others may find the authors a bit brash. Lapine's book, at times self-consciously literary and deconstructionist, does not play fair. He encourages audiences to laugh at violence visited on unpopular characters in the first act, then chides them for doing so during the second. Sondheim refuses to sketch easily likable characters, and his intricate scores and filigree lyrics yield their richest rewards only upon repeated hearings. Although Sondheim is accounted a reviewers' favorite—a record six of his shows have been named best musical by the New York Drama Critics Circle—most of his work has opened to skepticism and only gradually won esteem. Something of the same seems to be the initial fate of *Into the Woods*. Opening night notices ranged literally from "great" to "awful," although a \$2.3 million advance sale cushioned the more nettlesome views. Most musicals take on easy targets like the Nazis (*Cabaret*) or slavery (*Big River*) or avoid a moral dimension altogether. *Into the Woods* aspires to nothing less than explaining the nature of growing up and taking responsibility. If its execution is in small ways imperfect, its vision is as big as the giants's 40-league boots. —By William A. Miller III

Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York

## Dance



Pagan rite: against a brilliant backdrop, the Joffrey corps stamps out Nijinsky's patterns

## Bringing Back a Debacle

*The Joffrey reconstructs Diaghilev's scandalous Le Sacre*

**O**ne of the great 20th century culture shocks—right up there with the Army Show and Elvis on Ed Sullivan—took place in Paris on May 29, 1913, with the premiere of *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rite of Spring*). When the audience heard Stravinsky's brutal music and saw Nijinsky's crudely powerful choreography, they rioted. Why dress up to hear such infernal noise? And why should the idolized dancer choreograph vulgar jumps with two-foot landings and hops with turned-in feet that looked as if they were bound? Diaghilev was the master impresario of exotica, but when he put on this frenzied evocation of a pagan fertility rite, he went too far.

Only a handful of performances were given, and eventually the ballet was lost in the clutter of time. Several choreographers have since used the music, notably Martha Graham and Paul Taylor. But cultural curiosity and the itch of research die hard. For the past decade or so, Dance Scholar Millicent Hodson and Art Historian Kenneth Archer have rummaged through ancient memories—especially those of Dancer-Producer Marie Rambert, who helped out on the original effort—plus piano scores, sketches, photographs and other artifacts, to come up with a reasonable facsimile of the old *Le Sacre*. The Joffrey Ballet is performing it in New York City and on tour with missionary fervor.

Nothing can bring back the

shock of the new. Audiences in the '80s see through eyes accustomed to rock-'n'-roll stomps and the hell-raising gyrations of expressionist dance. And while posterity followed up on much of Nijinsky's anti-classical movement, there was no real future in pigeon-toeing.

It is greatly to the Joffrey's credit that the show is as good as it is. The sets and costumes, executed by Archer from Nicholas Roerich's original designs, are flooded with clear, vibrant color and are strong enough to summon up a fresh world where pagans pound the earth and reach for heaven. Unlike the 1913

troupe, which apparently loathed performing the work, the Joffrey dancers bound around with enthusiasm. Still, they do not look substantial enough. It may be that ballet dancers' bodies are now so streamlined that appearing weighty is hard. Also, this eclectic company, which performs many styles, may not yet have adapted to Nijinsky's ways. As the Chosen One who is sacrificed, Beatriz Rodriguez dances with stunning energy but only fitfully projects the girl's ecstasy and terror.

The company is currently performing the work with two other Diaghilev legacies, *Parade* and *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. The old impresario might have hooted at such one-note programming, but 75 years later, the evening makes a brave, satisfying leap into the past. —By Martha Duffy



Rodriguez hops

## Essay

# Screams from Somewhere Else

**T**he scream is one of the indigenous sounds of city life, like an automobile alarm that whoops and heaves, then stops, leaving the question hanging like a hawk as to whether a car was broken into, or did its owner set off the alarm by accident, and then lay it to rest. With human screams, the question is more complicated, since screams are not mechanical or automatic. Did you hear that, Harry? What could it be? A scream of delight, of fright? Hilarity, Harry? Do you think that someone is laughing too hard? Could it be hysteria, madness? Or is it a scream of blue murder? What should we do, Harry, if it is a scream of blue murder? And where is it coming from, anyway? Could you tell? I couldn't tell.

A Manhattan couple was charged last week with the murder by beating of their six-year-old adopted daughter. Neighbors never had any difficulty telling where the screams were coming from, though sometimes they may have had trouble discerning exactly who was doing the screaming, the six-year-old girl or the woman who lived with the father. The woman is accused of "acting in concert" in the murder, but clearly her own life buckled under regular punches. She wore dark glasses, and would attribute her re-composed face to a mugging or a fall in the kitchen. Over the years, colleagues and friends chose to believe the mugging and accident stories. Neighbors who heard the screams firsthand placed dozens of telephone calls to the police and to city authorities, who investigated but could prove no harm. The authorities did not hear the screams. After her beatings, the child lay brain dead, and the couple was in custody. Now no one in that building hears the screams.

But in other buildings in New York, in other cities, in all the cities, new screams will take up the slack. Sometimes the authorities will respond, sometimes not. The beating of women and children will continue in the hidden boxes of apartments: evil,

secret noise. You will hear the scream, and someone else will tell you that it wasn't a scream, it was a kettle whistle; and no one will be sure if there ever was a scream, until a body lies in evidence. How is the citizen-listener to react? Rush wildly through the corridors until the sound is unmistakable? Push open some stranger's door to confront some stranger's scream? Much courage is required for that. Much recklessness as well. The helplessness you feel in such situations is dizzying; and even when you act, someone in power can let you down. You could be wrong. Foolish. You could be sued.

Civilization is tested by its screams. One has the choice to hear or not to hear; to detect location or not to detect location; to discover cause; to help or not to help. Along the many lines of choice, excuses and mistakes are possible, even reasonable. One is left with oneself and the screams, like two opponents. The Kitty Genovese case of 1964 keeps coming back, in which a young woman in Queens screamed for help, and everybody heard, and nobody helped. What were we to do? Edvard Munch's famous painting of *The Cry* keeps coming back, equally scary and bewildering. What are we to do?

You never know how you will react to a scream until you hear one. I can tell you how you will react at first. You will freeze. Your head will snap like an alarmed bird's and your eyes will swell, long before any practical choices begin to form between hiding under the bed and leaping to the rescue. You will freeze because you will recognize the sound. It comes from you; all the panic and the pain; all the screams of one's life, uttered and quashed, there in that dreadful eruption that has suffocated the air. All yours.

The scream that comes from somewhere else comes from you. You have to go to it. You have to open the door to make it stop.

—By Roger Rosenblatt



MUNCH: COURTESY OF THE MUNCH MUSEUM, OSLO

## Milestones

**EXPECTING.** Mary Beth Whitehead, 30, surrogate mother who last March lost a bitter court battle for custody of her infant daughter Baby M., and Dean Gould, an accountant she met earlier this year: their first child; next spring, Whitehead separated from her husband Richard last summer. She and her two children by her husband have moved into Gould's condominium in East Brunswick, N.J.

**MARRIED.** Jeff Goldblum, 35, lanky film star (*The Big Chill*, *Into the Night*); and Geena Davis, 28, leggy TV actress (*Buffalo Bill*) and Goldblum's sometime screen companion (*Transylvania 6-5000*, *The Fly*); both for the second time; in Las Vegas.

**NOMINATED.** Henry Anatole Grunwald, 64, as Ambassador to Austria, the nation he fled in 1938 after the Anschluss swept it into Hitler's Reich. The son of a noted Viennese librettist, Grunwald joined TIME as a copy-

boy in 1944, became its managing editor in 1968, and was editor in chief of all Time Inc. publications from 1979 until last August.

**SENTENCED.** Mario Biaggi, 70, ten-term Democratic Congressman from the Bronx, who was convicted in federal court in September on charges of accepting an illegal gift and obstruction of justice: to 2½ years in prison and a \$500,000 fine; in New York City.

**RECOVERING.** Benjamin Spock, 84, pediatrician, author (*Baby and Child Care*) and peace activist; after receiving a pacemaker; in Tortola, British Virgin Islands. He had been hospitalized after a fainting spell. Spock, who won an Olympic gold medal for rowing in 1924, hopes to compete in next year's Olympic trials.

**DIED.** René Lévesque, 65, premier of Quebec from 1976 to 1985 and champion of

French-Canadian nationalism; of a heart attack; in Montreal. Lévesque was responsible for establishing French as Quebec's official language, but his campaign to separate the province from Canada was defeated in a 1980 referendum. When his Parti Québécois suffered a sharp drop in popularity in 1985, he returned to work as a journalist and radio commentator.

**DIED.** Joseph Campbell, 83, folklorist and author of several classic works on mythology (*The Hero with a Thousand Faces*; *The Masks of God*); in Honolulu.

**DIED.** Raphael Soyer, 87, venerable painter of New York City street scenes and a leading proponent of social realism; of cancer; in Manhattan. Along with his late brothers Moses and Isaac, Soyer was acclaimed for his renditions of men and women during the Depression.



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